

ROCKET TO NEW WORLDS WITH TOMMY TOMORROW



APR.

No. 131

Ten Cents

ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Extra!
LUTHOR
MAKES
SUPERMAN
VANISH INTO THE
4th DIMENSION!



NOW

MORE THAN
EVER

~ LOOK
FOR THIS
FAMOUS
SYMBOL!



THERE ARE
MORE COMICS ON THE NEWS-
STANDS THAN EVER BEFORE
- SOME GOOD, SOME BAD,
SOME AVERAGE...

THAT'S WHY IT'S MORE
IMPORTANT THAN EVER
FOR YOU TO LOOK FOR
THE **SUPERMAN-DC**
SYMBOL AT THE TOP OF
EVERY COMIC MAGAZINE
YOU BUY! IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE OF THE **BEST**
IN COMIC READING!

**TOP VALUE
IN THE TOP
MAGAZINES!**



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SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

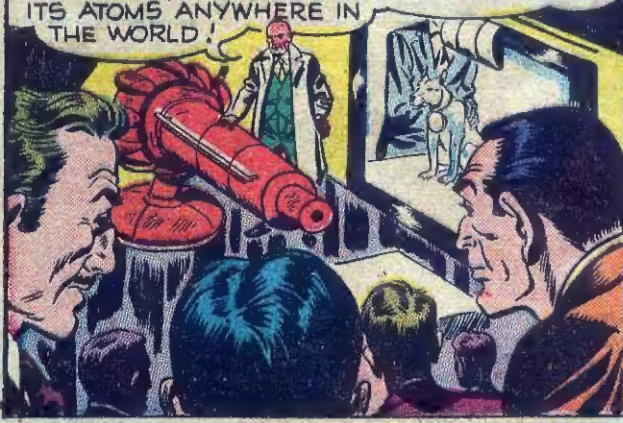
THINK BACK NOW THROUGH ALL OF SUPERMAN'S HEROIC EXPLOITS THAT YOU HAVE FOLLOWED! HAS ANY DANGER BEEN TOO GREAT FOR HIM? ANY TASK TOO IMMENSE? NO... FOR THE MAN OF TOMORROW IS INDESTRUCTIBLE AND COSMIC IN HIS GIGANTIC STRENGTH! UNTIL NOW, THAT IS! FOR LUTHOR, THE ARCH-SCIENTIST OF CRIME, HAS FOUND A WAY TO ROB THE MAN OF STEEL OF HIS VAST STRENGTH... BY THRUSTING HIM INTO THE 4TH DIMENSION! AND THE RESULT IS...

"THE
SCRAMBLED
SUPERMAN!"



IN THE AMPHITHEATER OF HIS UNDERGROUND LABORATORY, LUTHOR DEMONSTRATES HIS NEWEST INVENTION FOR CRIME!

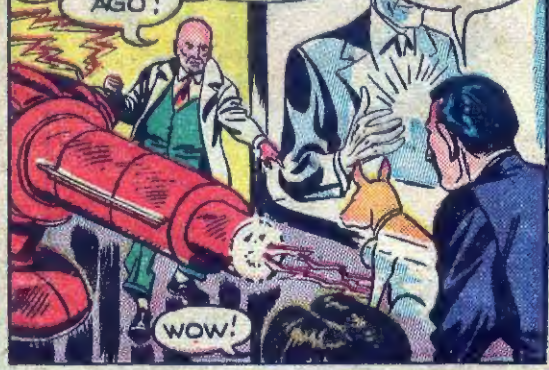
THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS MY **ATOM SCRAMBLER!** WITH IT, I CAN PROJECT ANY SOLID OBJECT INTO THE 4TH DIMENSION—AND REASSEMBLE ITS ATOMS ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD!



"THE DOG ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN, FOR EXAMPLE, IS 2,000 MILES AWAY. NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I THROW A SWITCH!"

THE DOG IS MATERIALIZING HERE ON THIS PLATFORM—2,000 MILES FROM WHERE IT WAS ONLY A SECOND AGO!

BUT DOESN'T IT HURT THE POOCH?



COME ON, SPOTTY! THROUGH THE HOOP!... SEE? MY INVENTION HAS NOT HURT HIM AT ALL! HIS REFLEXES ARE PERFECTLY NORMAL!

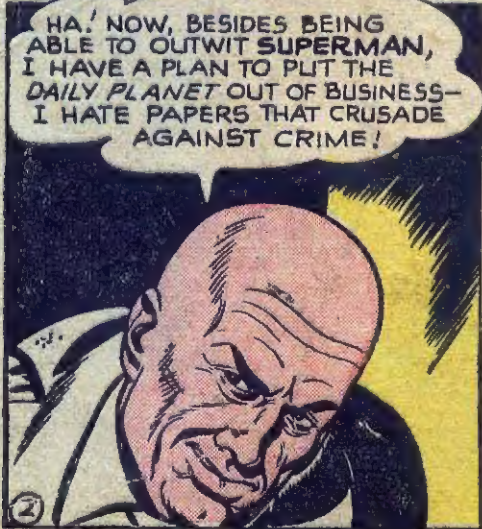


GOSH, LUTHOR! IF YOU CAN SNATCH PEOPLE AND THINGS FROM SO FAR AWAY, YOU COULD MAKE A FORTUNE! BUT WHAT DO YOU NEED US FOR?

TO PLANT THESE RECEIVERS FOR ME ON WHATEVER I WISH TO SNATCH! THESE RECEIVERS CONCENTRATE THE POWER OF MY ATOM SCRAMBLER. THEY MUST BE PLACED ON MY OBJECTIVES BEFORE I CAN TRANSPORT THEM!



HA! NOW, BESIDES BEING ABLE TO OUTWIT SUPERMAN, I HAVE A PLAN TO PUT THE DAILY PLANET OUT OF BUSINESS—I HATE PAPERS THAT CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME!



AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER, LOIS LANE OF THE DAILY PLANET RECEIVES A STARTLING PHONE CALL...

YEAH, MISS LANE, I OVERHEARD SOME CROOKS SAYING THEY WERE GOING TO ROB THE BARLEY EXCHANGE BANK!

THANKS FOR THE LEAD! I'LL RUSH RIGHT OVER TO THE BANK!



GOING OUT ON A STORY. LOIS? MIND IF I COME ALONG? (MUST KEEP AN EYE ON HER—MIGHT BE TROUBLE.)

WHY NOT, CLARK? IT MIGHT HELP YOU LEARN **REAL** REPORTING!

MOMENTS LATER, AT THE BARLEY EXCHANGE BANK...

ALL RIGHT! HAND OVER THAT DOUGH!

HMM! THIS IS A JOB FOR **SUPERMAN**! THOSE CROOKS ARE BROKEN NOSE, AND BRUISER—BOTH DESPERATE CHARACTERS!

WHAT?

MOVING SO SWIFTLY THAT LOIS HAS NO CHANCE TO OBSERVE IT... MEET CLARK KENT INSTANTLY BECOMES THE **MAN OF STEEL**!

INTO THE ARMORED CAR OR THAT GUARD'LL PLUG US!

THAT BULLET IS GLANCING OFF THE ARMORED CAR—STRAIGHT FOR LOIS!

BANG!

DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF THE DEADLY MISSILE SPEEDS **SUPERMAN**...

DANGER PAST, THE **MAN OF TOMORROW** FLASHES TO THE ARMORED CAR INTO WHICH THE ROBBERS HAVE LEAPED. BUT WHEN HE RENDS OPEN THE MASSIVE DOOR...

BUT A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE AREA DISCLOSES NO FLEEING CRIMINALS.

WHEW! THANKS, **SUPERMAN**! HOW YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO SHOW UP WHEN I'M IN DANGER, I'LL NEVER KNOW!

GOT IT!

GONE! AND THE MONEY WITH THEM! THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED THROUGH THE DRIVER'S DOOR!

THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR. MAYBE I CAN STILL CATCH THEM... SEE YOU AROUND, LOIS.

I DON'T SEE HOW THEY GOT AWAY SO QUICKLY! BUT I GOT A SCOOP OUT OF IT, ANYWAY. I'LL RUSH BACK TO THE **PLANET**, CHANGE TO CLARK KENT AND WRITE MY STORY—AT LEAST, I CAN IDENTIFY THE CROOKS!

SOON, AT THE PLANET OFFICE.

HOW DID YOU GET BACK HERE SO FAST, CLARK? AND WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STEALING MY SCOOP?

UH—SUPERMAN DROPPED ME OFF, LOIS. HE TOLD ME THE NAMES OF THOSE TWO CROOKS, SO I'M WRITING THE STORY... HA, HA!



AS THE SWITCH IS THROWN, CRACKLING POWER SURGES THROUGH THE TWO THUGS—AND A SECOND LATER THEIR SCRAMBLED ATOMS REASSEMBLE AT A POLICEMAN'S BALL IN DISTANT CALIFORNIA!

YOU HEARD ME, COPPER. IF YOU WANT US TO BUY TICKETS, FINGER-PRINT US FIRST!

OKAY, JOE—TAKE THEIR PRINTS INSIDE. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, BUT WE'RE HERE TO SELL TICKETS.



THUS TWO NOTORIOUS EX-CONVICTS ARE FINGER-PRINTED BEFORE 500 UNIFORMED WITNESSES!

WELL, WE DONE EXACTLY WHAT THE BOSS TOLD US TO DO.

GEE, THANKS! I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE THAT HE HAS WALKED INTO LUTHOR'S SHREWD TRAP... CLARK MODESTLY ACCEPTS PERRY WHITE'S CONGRATULATIONS.

SAY, THIS IS A GREAT STORY, CLARK!

AND HOW, MAY I ASK, DID HE GET IT?... BY STEALING IT FROM ME!



NOW, NOW! DON'T BE JEALOUS, LOIS!

MEANWHILE, IN LUTHOR'S UNDERGROUND LABORATORY...

SUPERMAN RECOGNIZED US SURE ENOUGH! I'LL BET HE CAN'T GUESS HOW WE ESCAPED OUT OF THAT ARMORED CAR!

NATURALLY! NOW I'LL PULL THIS SWITCH AND MATERIALIZED YOU IN CALIFORNIA! FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND THE DAILY PLANET IS AS GOOD AS BANKRUPT!

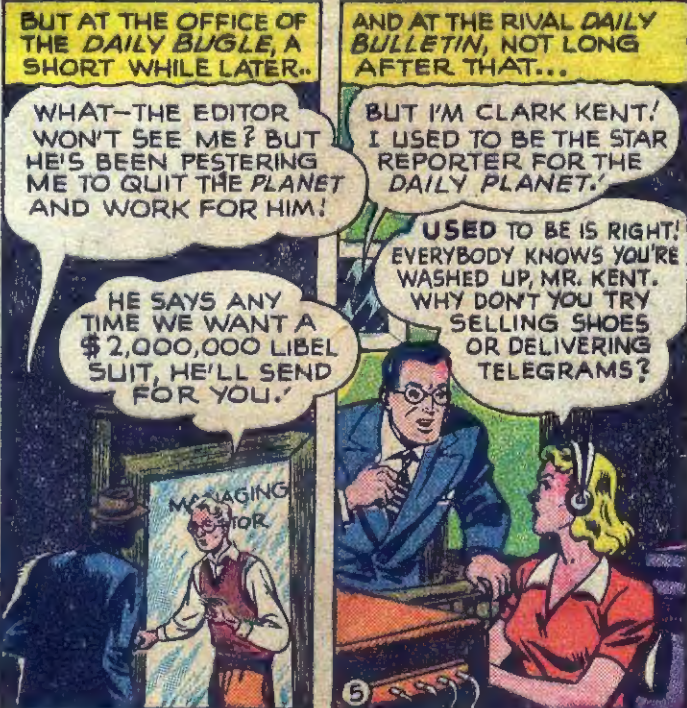
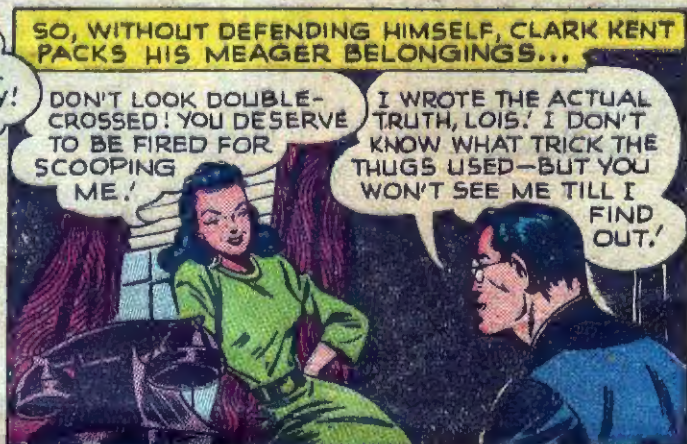
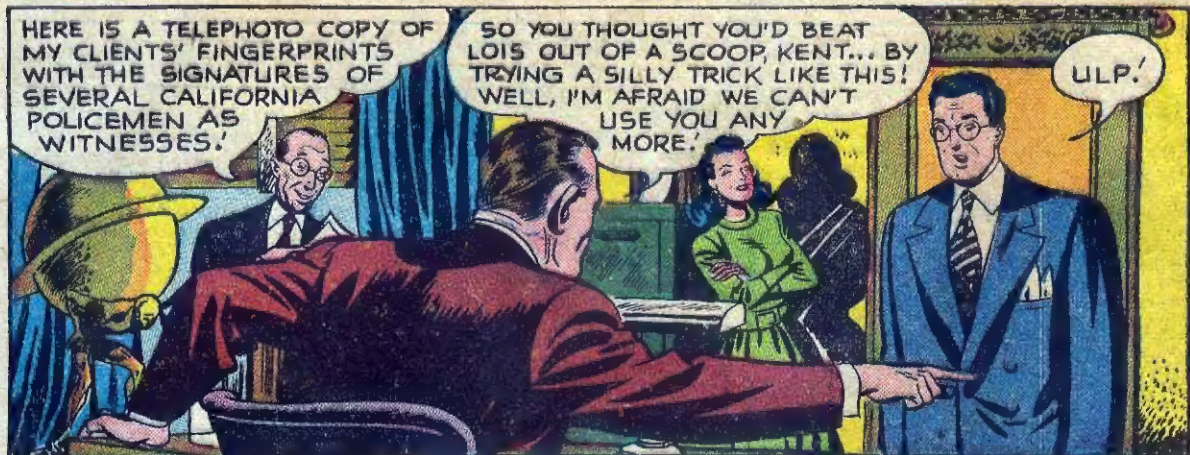


BUT JUST THEN...

I REPRESENT TWO GENTLEMEN KNOWN AS BROKEN NOSE AND BRUISER. WE ARE SUING YOU FOR \$2,000,000. AT THE TIME YOUR PAPER SAYS THEY WERE ROBBING A BANK HERE IN METROPOLIS, THEY WERE AT A POLICEMAN'S BALL IN CALIFORNIA!

IMPOSSIBLE! SUPERMAN IDENTIFIED THEM FOR ME!

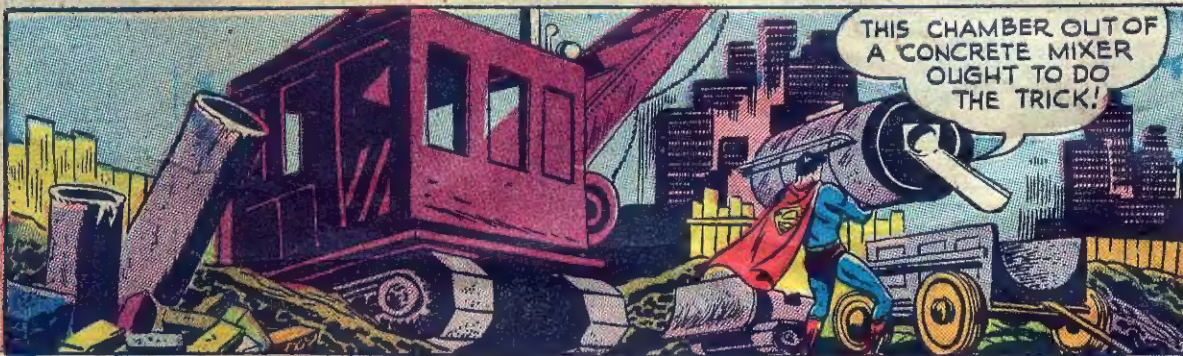
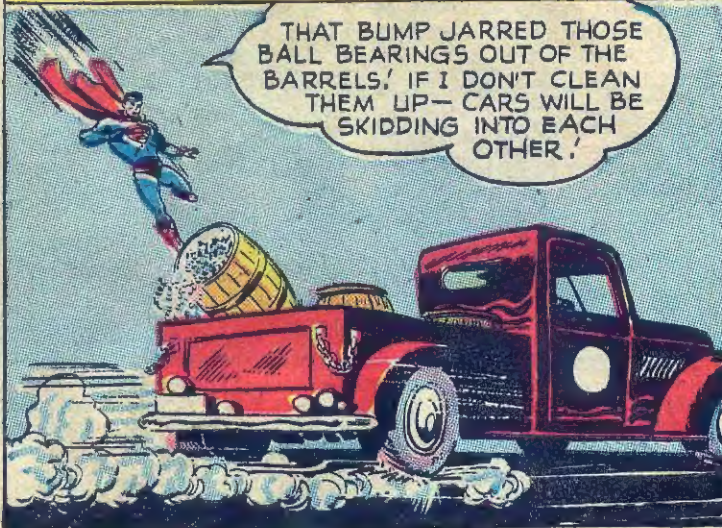




IF I DON'T GET ANOTHER JOB AS A REPORTER, I CAN'T STAY IN CONTACT WITH THOSE WHO NEED SUPERMAN'S HELP. AND I GUESS THE ONLY WAY TO GET A JOB IS--TO BRING IN A SCOOP!



AS THE MAN OF STEEL FLASHES OVER THE CITY IN SEARCH OF A SCOOP... HE IS SWIFTLY REWARDED!



SKIMMING CLOSE TO THE GROUND, WITH HIS LIPS TO THE WATER-INTAKE VALVE... SUPERMAN TURNS THE MIXING CHAMBER INTO A GIANT VACUUM CLEANER!



THEN...

THE ROAD IS CLEAR! NOW I'LL POUR THE BALL BEARINGS BACK INTO THE BARRELS...



RETURNING THE BORROWED MIXING CHAMBER, SUPERMAN AGAIN BECOMES CLARK KENT, REPORTER... AND PHONES IN HIS SCOOP TO AN EVENING PAPER!



BUT WHEN THE EDITOR ARRIVES...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS GUY IS TALKING ABOUT! WE AIN'T LOST ANYTHING!

AND THE STREET IS ABSOLUTELY CLEAR! NO WITNESSES, EITHER! TRY SOMETHING CLEVERER, KENT.



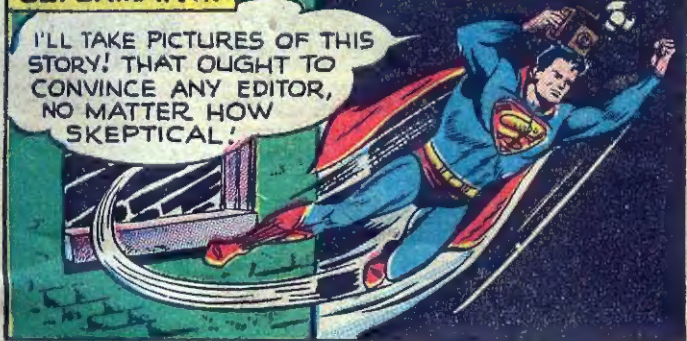
THE MAN OF TOMORROW ONCE MORE SEEKS OUT A NEWS STORY! AND...

HIGH TENSION WIRES COMING DOWN AT THE GENERATING PLANT! BUT BEFORE I START REPAIRING - I WANT PROOF OF THIS SCOOP!



BACK TO CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT STREAKS SUPERMAN...

I'LL TAKE PICTURES OF THIS STORY! THAT OUGHT TO CONVINCE ANY EDITOR, NO MATTER HOW SKEPTICAL!



AND SO TO THE GENERATING PLANT AGAIN...

WITH THE STROBOSCOPIC FILM IN THIS CAMERA, I CAN PHOTOGRAPH MYSELF IN ACTION.



BUT SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SPEED CREATES A MINIATURE TORNADO AND WHIRLS FEATHERS OUT OF DISCARDED BEDDING IN A NEARBY DUMP!



MINUTES LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE TABLOID...

HOLD THE PRESSES! I'VE GOT SHOTS OF SUPERMAN REPAIRING HIGH TENSION WIRES AT THE GENERATING PLANT!

GREAT WORK, KENT!... HARRY, RUSH THE FILM TO THE DARKROOM!



BUT WHEN THE FINISHED PRINTS ARE DELIVERED...

IS THIS SUPPOSED TO BE A SCOOP? THIS IS SUMMER—AND THESE PIX WERE TAKEN IN A SNOW STORM!

UHP! THAT "SNOW" MUST BE THE FEATHERS FROM THAT NEARBY DUMP!

I COULDN'T CONVINCE HIM THOSE WERE ONLY FEATHERS! NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO TO GET A JOB?

MEANWHILE, LUTHOR IS BUSY WITH HIS NEWEST CRIMINAL GADGET!

PLANT THIS GOLD-PLATED RECEIVER IN THE TENTH BANK'S VAULT! NOBODY WILL NOTICE IT AMONG THE GOLD COINS!

THEN WE LEAVE AND YOU ATOM SCRAMBLE THE GOLD! SMART!

PRESENTLY...

TAKE US RIGHT DOWN TO THE VAULT AND NOBODY GETS PLUGGED!

I—I GUESS I HAVE TO!

WHAT A NICE, SHINING STACK OF GOLD COINS!

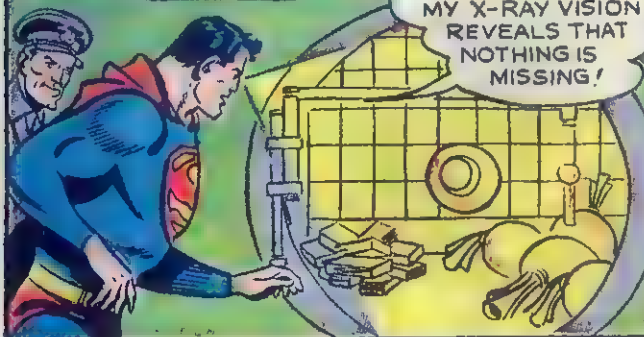
EVERYTHING IS IN FINE SHAPE! WELL, LET'S GO, FELLOW!

SUPERMAN SOON OVERHEARS THE ALARM IN A PASSING PROWL CAR...

THEY BROKE IN AND JUST LOOKED AROUND, SUPERMAN! DIDN'T TAKE A THING!

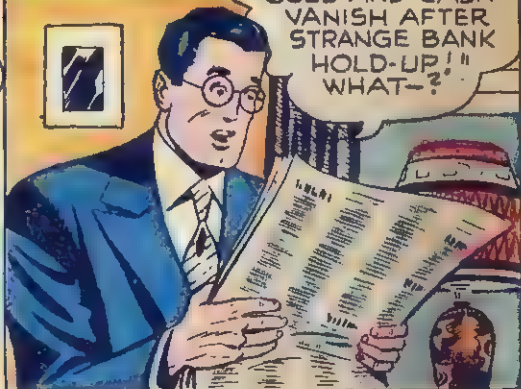
I'LL LOOK AROUND WITH MY X-RAY VISION JUST TO MAKE SURE!

BUT LUTHOR HAS SHREWDLY ADDED INSTEAD OF REMOVING SOMETHING! AND SO THE MAN OF TOMORROW FAILS TO NOTE A GOLD-PLATED OBJECT RESEMBLING A COIN!



VERY ODD!
MY X-RAY VISION
REVEALS THAT
NOTHING IS
MISSING!

NEXT MORNING,
HOWEVER...



"TENTH BANK
VAULT LOOTED!
GOLD AND CASH
VANISH AFTER
STRANGE BANK
HOLD-UP!"
WHAT-?!"

JUST
THEN...

'MORNING, CLARK!
GUESS WHAT—I
WON AN ELECTRIC
TYPEWRITER FOR BEING THE
PLANET'S STAR REPORTER!
IT'S WONDERFUL... SO
SENSITIVE TO THE
SLIGHTEST TOUCH...



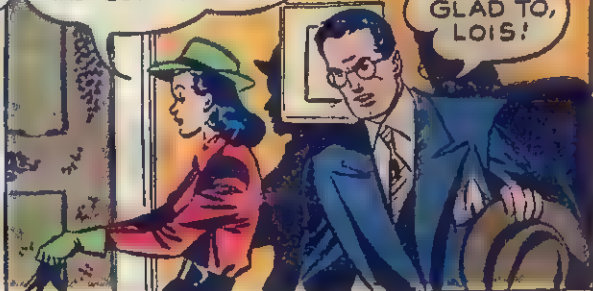
THERE MUST
BE A CONNECTION
BETWEEN THOSE
"BANK ROBBERS"
AND THE
LOOTING!
BUT WHAT?

VERY
NICE,
LOIS.

I HAVE TO COVER THE
NURSERY RHYME CON-
TEST AWARDS. WHY
DON'T YOU STOP
BROODING ABOUT
BEING FIRED...
AND COME ALONG?

PAINTINGS BY THE
WORLD'S MOST
FAMOUS ARTISTS—
THE CROOKS MIGHT
STRIKE THERE NEXT!

GLAD TO,
LOIS!



A
SHORT
WHILE
LATER,
AT
THE
ART
GALLERY
...

WELL, WE SURE TIED
UP THE REAL
AWARD COMMITTEE!



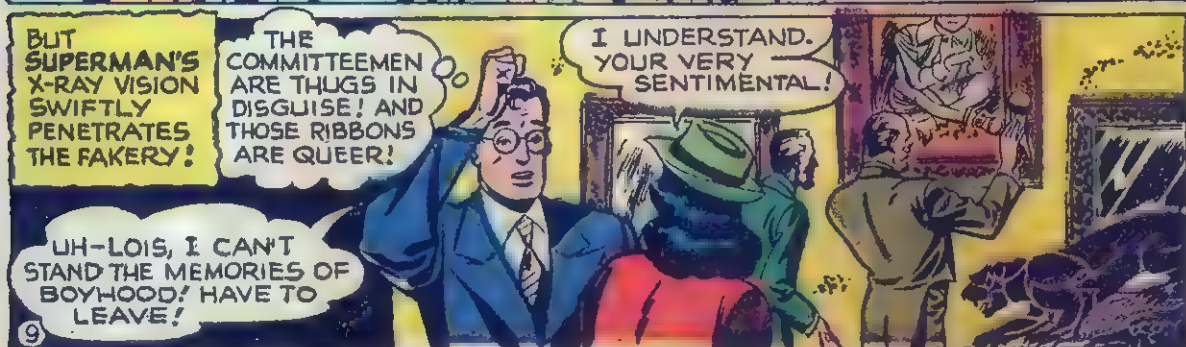
BY THE TIME THEY GET FREE,
THESE PRIZE RIBBONS'LL BE
HUNG ON THE PAINTINGS—
WITH LUTHOR'S RECEIVERS
HIDDEN INSIDE THE
BADGES!

BUT
SUPERMAN'S
X-RAY VISION
SWIFTLY
PENETRATES
THE FAKERY!

THE
COMMITTEEMEN
ARE THUGS IN
DISGUISE! AND
THOSE RIBBONS
ARE QUEER!

I UNDERSTAND.
YOUR VERY
SENTIMENTAL!

UH—LOIS, I CAN'T
STAND THE MEMORIES OF
BOYHOOD! HAVE TO
LEAVE!

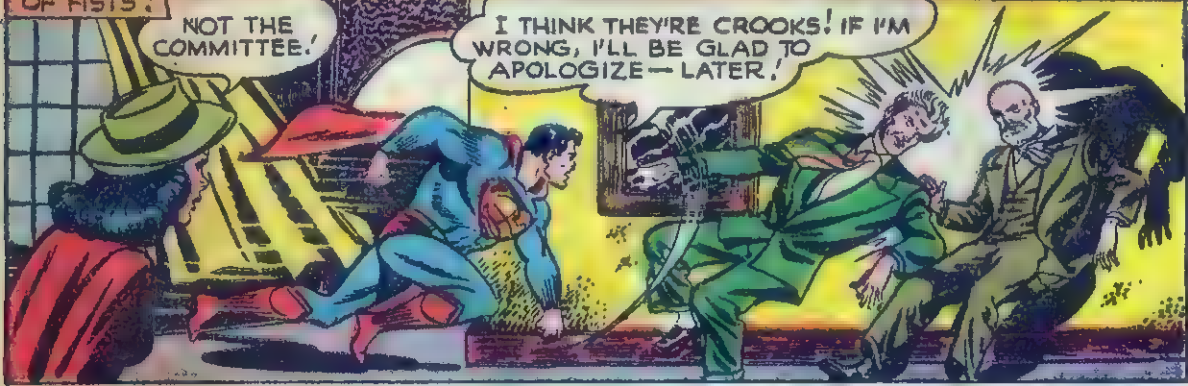




ONCE OUT OF SIGHT... CLARK BECOMES SUPERMAN—AND SUPERMAN BECOMES A FURY OF FISTS!

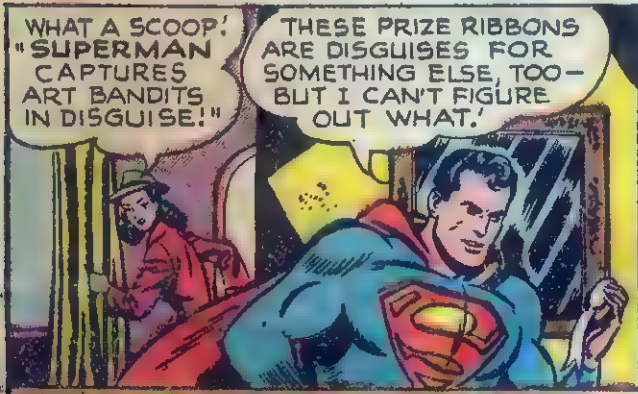
NOT THE COMMITTEE!

I THINK THEY'RE CROOKS! IF I'M WRONG, I'LL BE GLAD TO APOLOGIZE—LATER!



WHAT A SCOOP! "SUPERMAN CAPTURES ART BANDITS IN DISGUISE!"

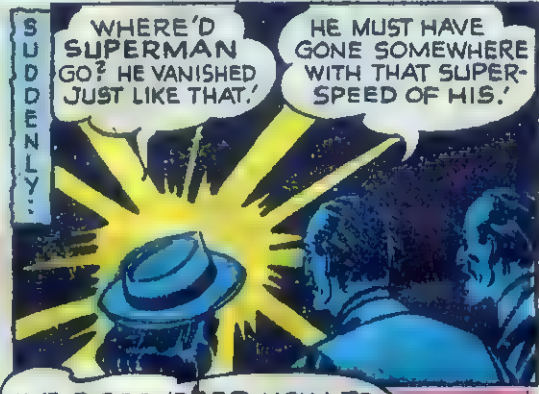
THESE PRIZE RIBBONS ARE DISGUISES FOR SOMETHING ELSE, TOO— BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT!



S U D D E N L Y :

WHERE'D SUPERMAN GO? HE VANISHED JUST LIKE THAT!

HE MUST HAVE GONE SOMEWHERE WITH THAT SUPER-SPEED OF HIS!



LOOK OUT, SUPERMAN! THOSE BADGES CONTAIN LUTHOR'S RECEIVERS!

A GOOD ANSWER, BUT UNFORTUNATELY NOT TRUE! FOR AT THAT INSTANT...

LUTHOR! HOW DID I GET HERE?

WONDERFUL! SNATCHING SUPERMAN IS EVEN BETTER THAN THOSE VALUABLE PAINTINGS I EXPECTED! AND IT GIVES ME AN IDEA...

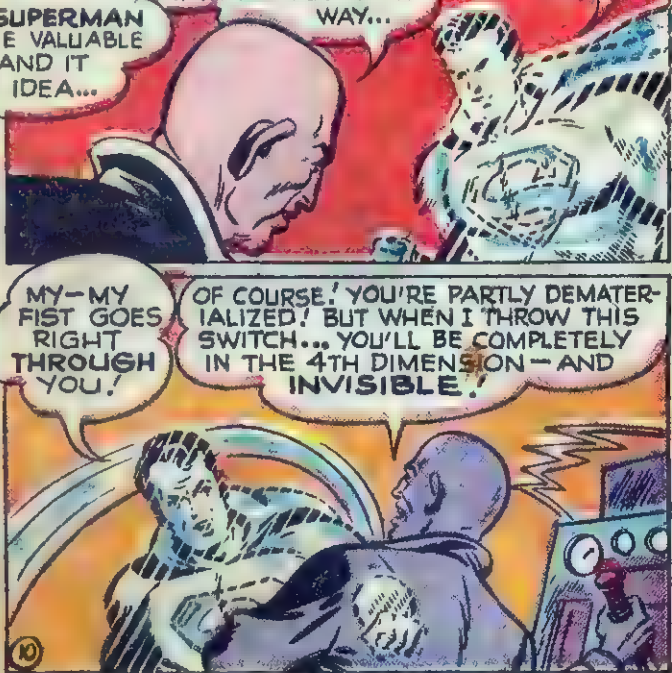
I'VE DISCOVERED HOW TO MAKE YOU HELPLESS! WITH MY ATOM SCRAMBLER, I CAN KEEP YOU IN THE 4TH DIMENSION—JUST A CLOUD OF DISEMBODED MOLECULES! AND WITH YOU OUT OF MY WAY...

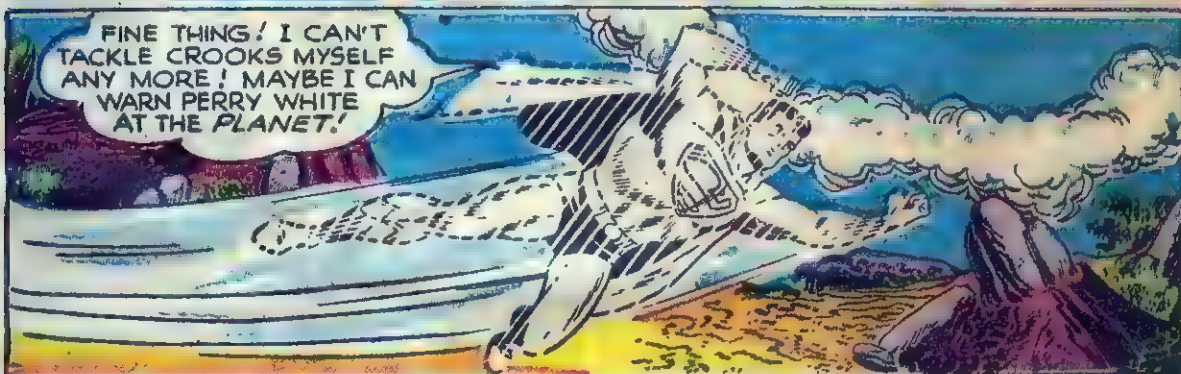
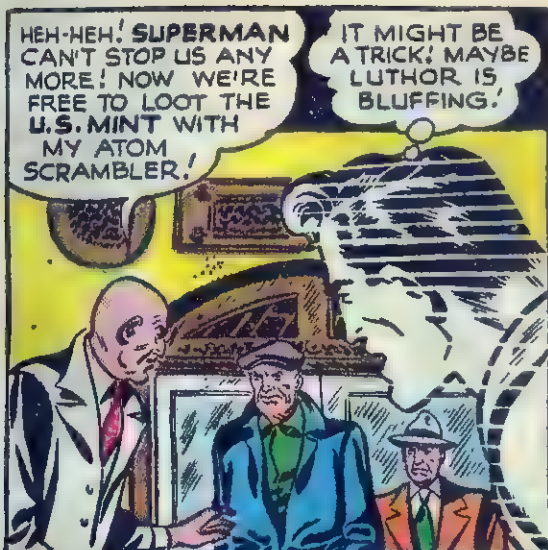
I GET THE IDEA, LUTHOR!

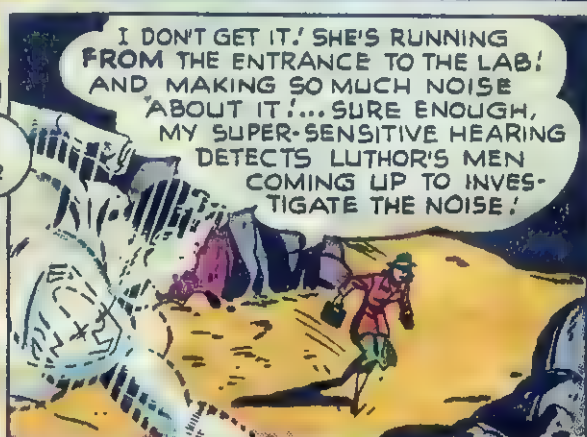
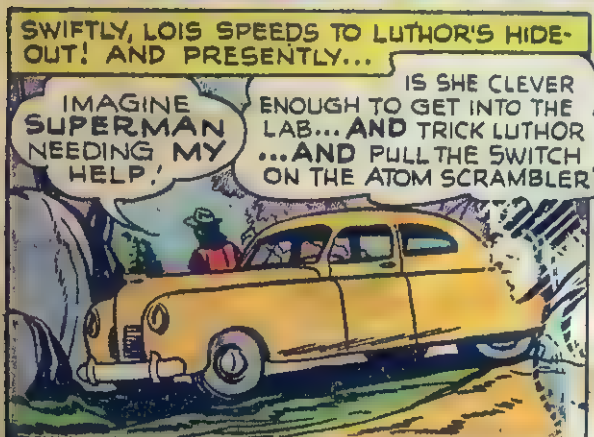
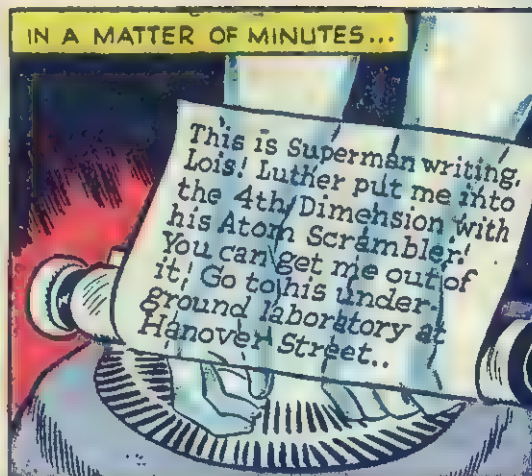
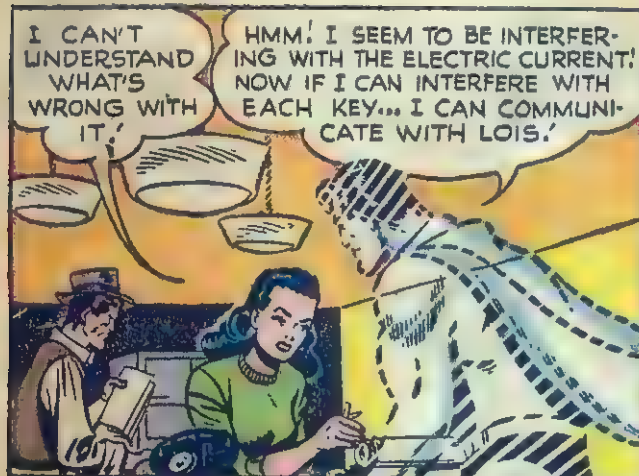


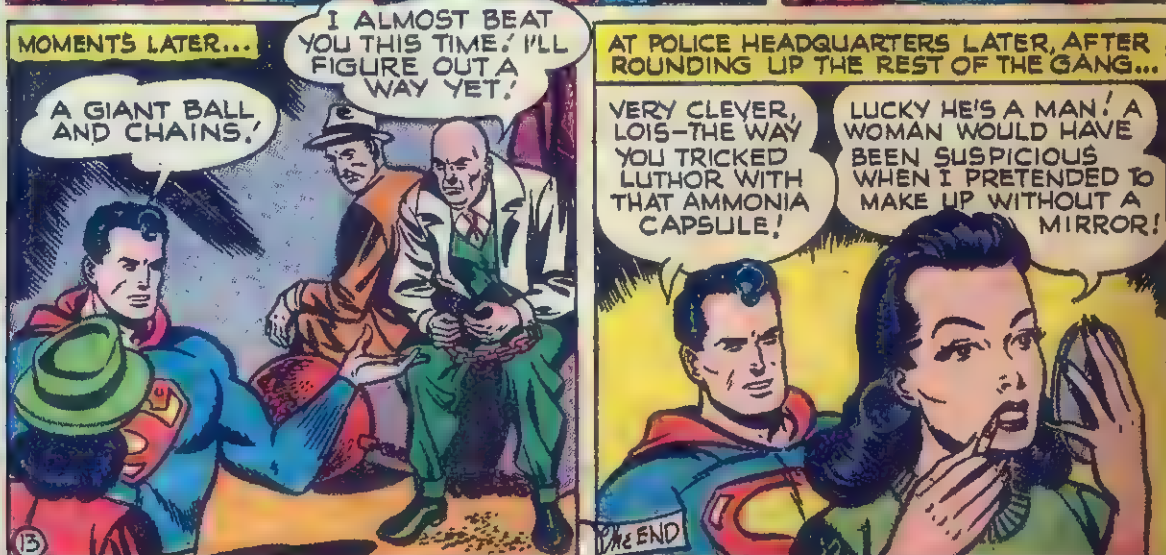
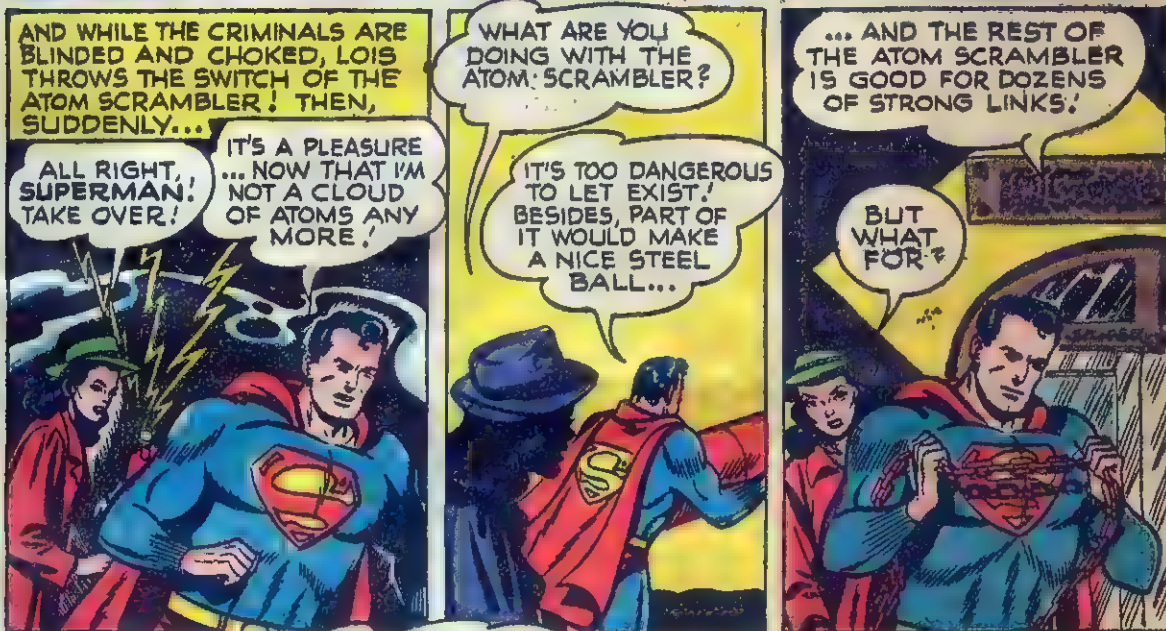
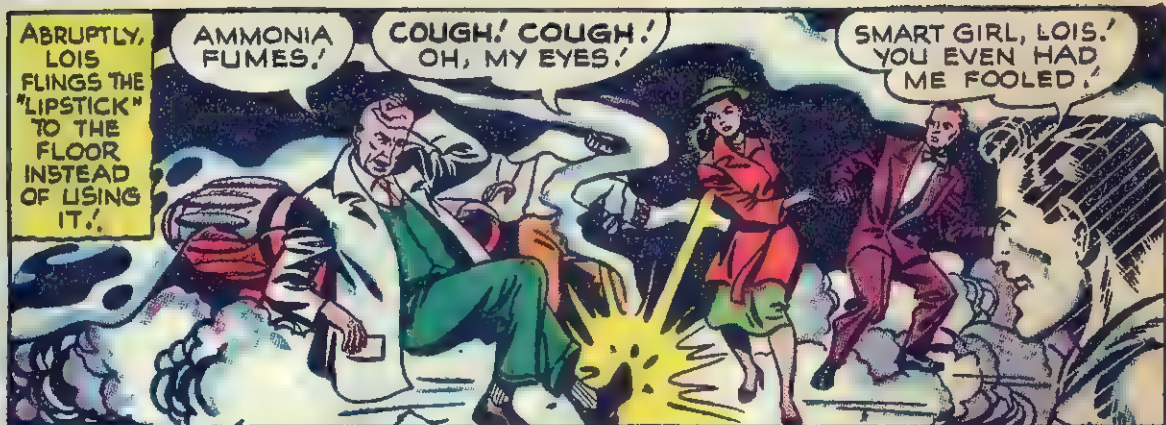
MY—MY FIST GOES RIGHT THROUGH YOU!

OF COURSE! YOU'RE PARTLY DEMATERIALIZED! BUT WHEN I THROW THIS SWITCH... YOU'LL BE COMPLETELY IN THE 4TH DIMENSION—AND INVISIBLE!









FAKE FIDDLER
FOILED—SAM SPADE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE HAS BEEN HIRED TO PROTECT
WEALTHY GUESTS AT A "CHARACTER FROM AN OPERA"
COSTUME PARTYSO YOU'RE GOING
TO THIS PARTY AS
"FIGARO" THE
BARBER, SAM!RIGHT, CLEOPATRA! HERE'S MY
COMB, CLIPPERS, AND A BOTTLE OF
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. LETS GO...

DASHWELL HAMMETT'S

Adventures of

SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)
station See radio listing in your local newspaper.SAM, LET'S
DANCE!NO CAN DO,
SWEETHEART—
I'M HERE ON
BUSINESS!OKAY, GIT 'EM UP EVERYBODY...
I WANT DAT "ICE" MISS MONEY-
BAGS IS WEARIN'!!!SAM...
WHAT'LL
WE DO?I HATE TO WASTE THIS WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL, BABY... BUT HERE
GOES!WONDERFUL, MR.
SPADE—WHERE DID
YOU EVER LEARN
TO THROW
LIKE THAT?COULDN'T MISS
LADY! A BOTTLE OF
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
JUST NATURALLY
ENDS UP ON SOME-
BODY'S HEAD.YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING, SAM!

LATER

JUST THINKING! THAT BOTTLE OF
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL REALLY
PARTED THAT GUY'S HAIR, DIDN'T IT?WHY THE
SMILE, SAM?

SAM SPADE ASKS:

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGERNAIL TEST?TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS
AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF
YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-
OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC
—CONTAINS SOOTHING LAMOLIN

EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING
AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS
BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS
FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN-
ING CHILDREN'S HAIR.



IS JIM WILLIAMS ALIVE OR DEAD? WHICH OF TWO PRETTY GIRLS WILL INHERIT A MILLION DOLLAR ESTATE? WHO STOLE THE RARE ORCHID BULBS? WHO FIRED THE SHOTS THAT SENT CONGO BILL INTO THE STRANGEST CASE OF HIS ENTIRE CAREER? HOW CAN A DEAD MAN SOLVE HIS OWN MURDER? THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE PERPLEXING QUESTIONS THAT THE WORLD WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY ASKS CONGO BILL TO ANSWER IN THE CASE OF...

"THE MILLION-DOLLAR STAKE!"

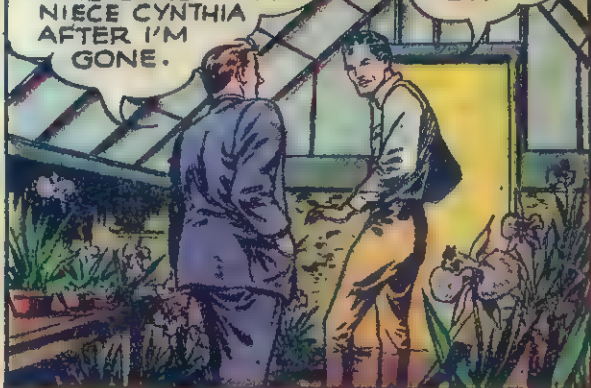
IN A FLORAL HOTHOUSE OFF MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY, INDIA —

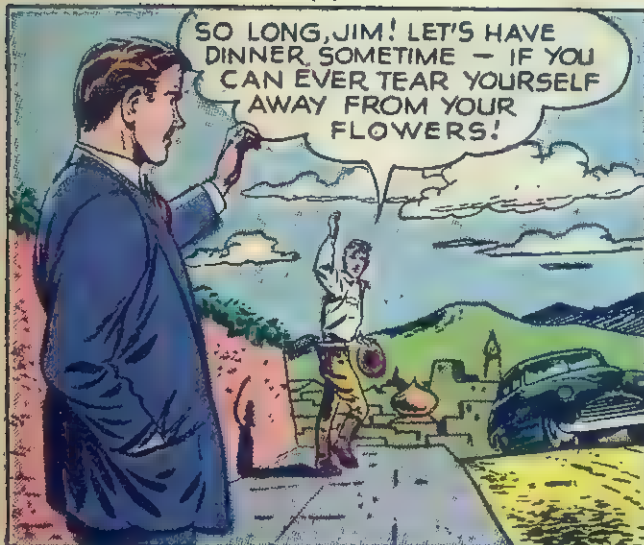
TAKE A LOOK AT THESE RARE MONJA BLANCA ORCHID BULBS, BILL! THEY JUST ARRIVED IN THE MAIL, TOGETHER WITH THE POLICY WORLD WIDE INSURANCE SOLD ME.



WELL, THAT'S ONE LOAD OFF MY SHOULDERS, KNOWING THE INSURANCE MONEY WILL TAKE CARE OF MY NIECE CYNTHIA AFTER I'M GONE.

SAY, WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT? YOU'LL LIVE A LONG TIME YET!





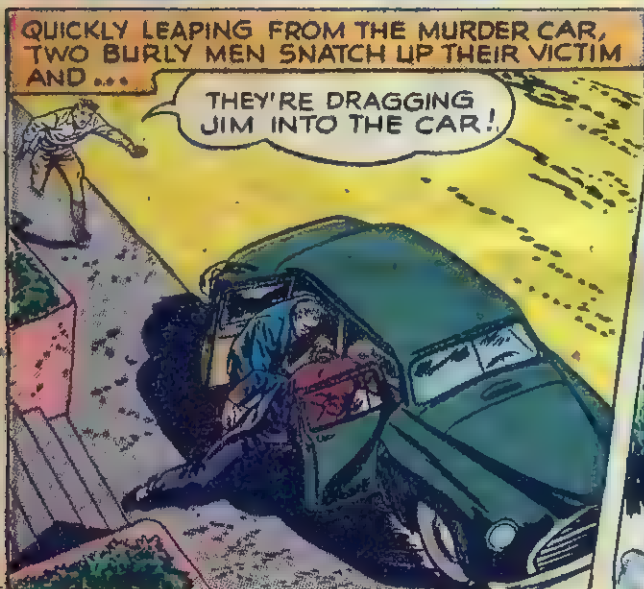
SO LONG, JIM! LET'S HAVE DINNER SOMETIME — IF YOU CAN EVER TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM YOUR FLOWERS!

A MOMENT LATER, THE CHATTER OF A MACHINE-GUN BLASTS THE SILENCE OF THE BOMBAY AFTERNOON, AND AS CONGO BILL WHIRLS...



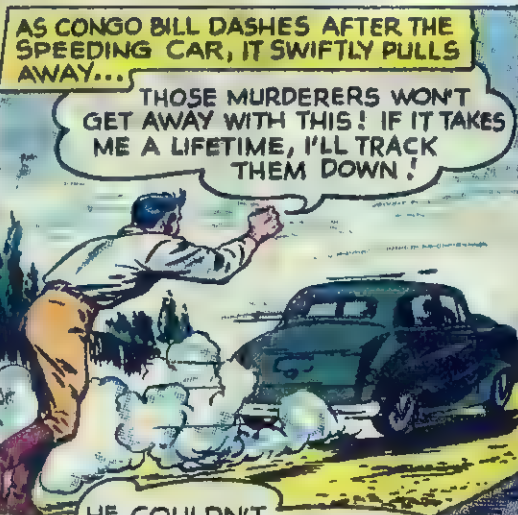
A GUN PARTY— FOR JIM!

RAT-A-TAT
TAT-TAT



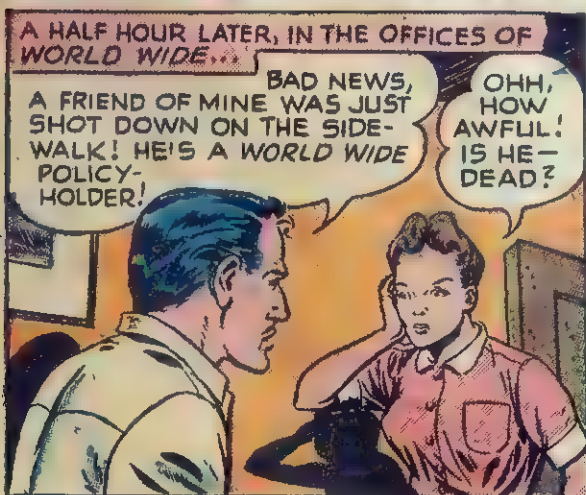
QUICKLY LEAPING FROM THE MURDER CAR, TWO BURLY MEN SNATCH UP THEIR VICTIM AND...

THEY'RE DRAGGING JIM INTO THE CAR!



AS CONGO BILL DASHES AFTER THE SPEEDING CAR, IT SWIFTLY PULLS AWAY...

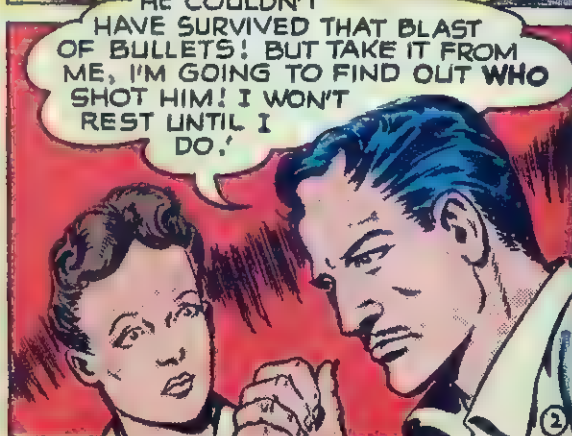
THOSE MURDERERS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! IF IT TAKES ME A LIFETIME, I'LL TRACK THEM DOWN!



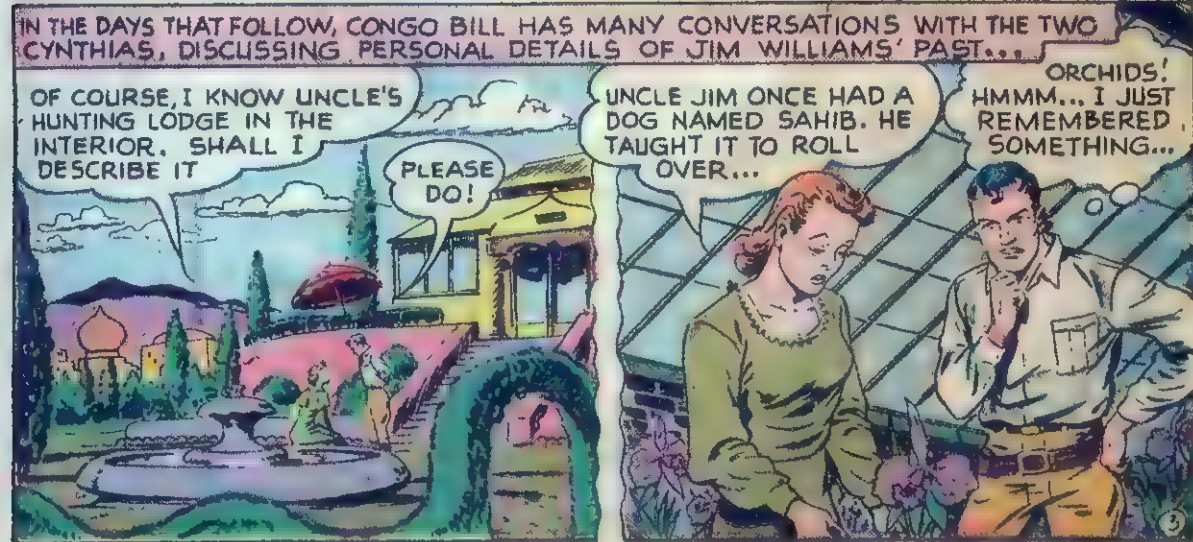
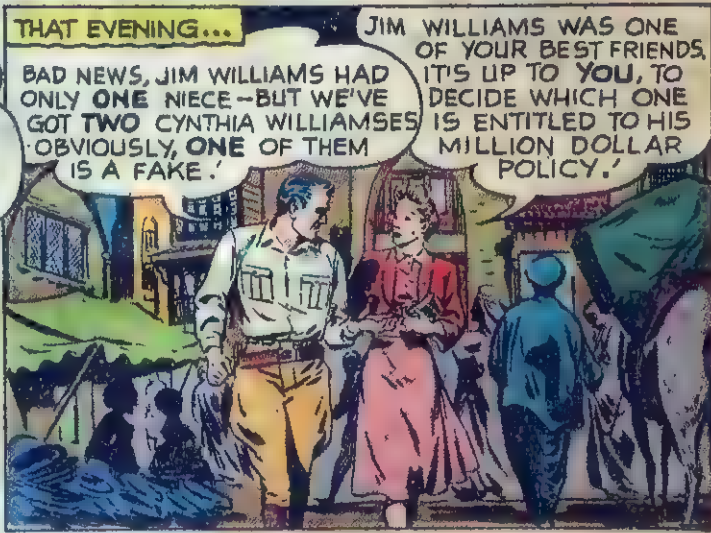
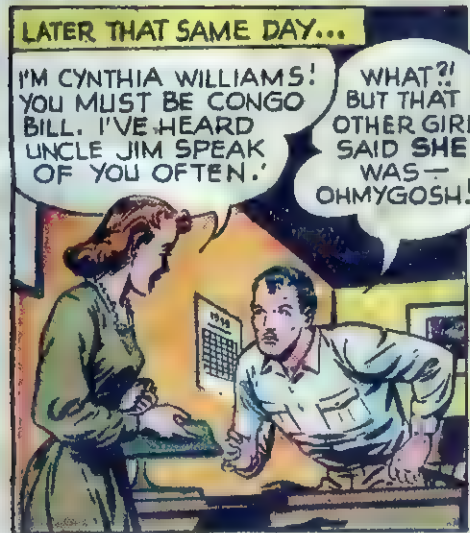
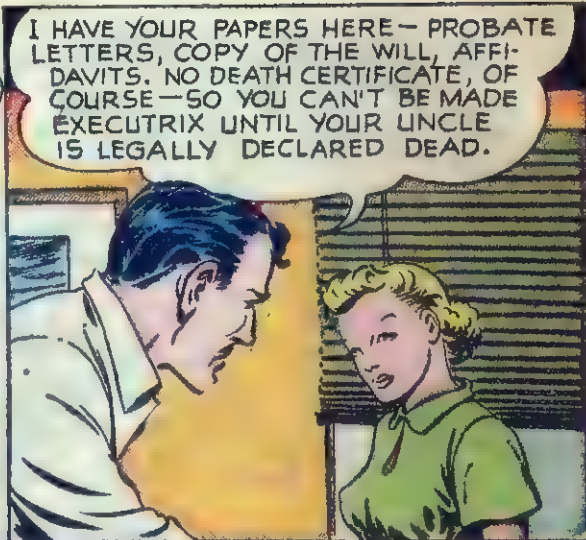
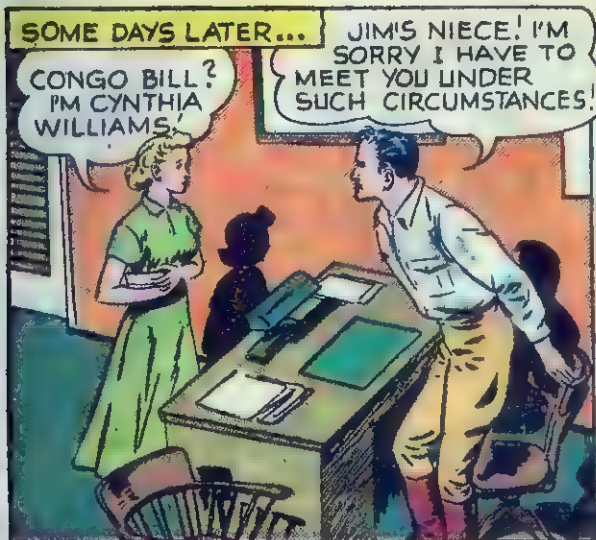
A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF WORLD WIDE...

BAD NEWS, A FRIEND OF MINE WAS JUST SHOT DOWN ON THE SIDEWALK! HE'S A WORLD WIDE POLICY-HOLDER!

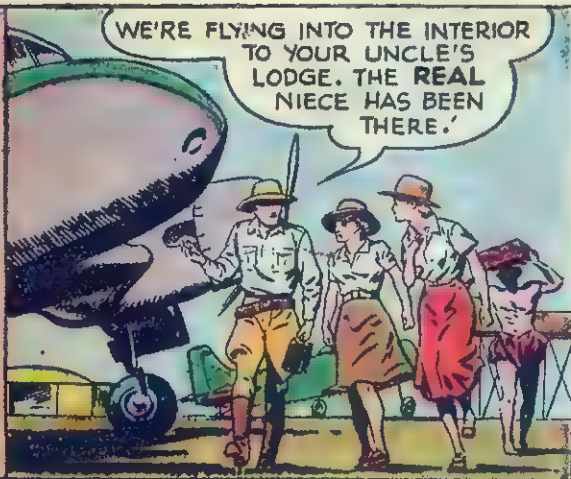
OH, HOW AWFUL! IS HE DEAD?



HE COULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED THAT BLAST OF BULLETS! BUT TAKE IT FROM ME, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO SHOT HIM! I WON'T REST UNTIL I DO!

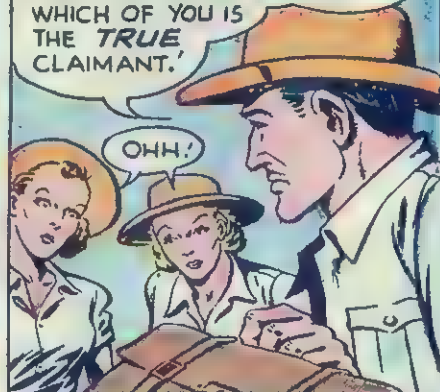


FINALLY, CONGO BILL MAKES AN IMPORTANT DECISION. HE DIRECTS BOTH CLAIMANTS TO MEET HIM AT THE BOMBAY AIRPORT...



WE'RE FLYING INTO THE INTERIOR TO YOUR UNCLE'S LODGE. THE REAL NIECE HAS BEEN THERE.'

AND IN THIS BRIEFCASE I'M CARRYING THE EVIDENCE THAT WILL PROVE CONCLUSIVELY WHICH OF YOU IS THE **TRUE** CLAIMANT.

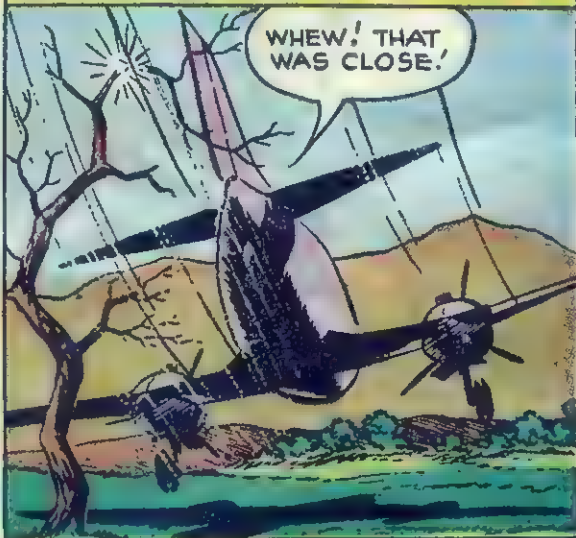


OHH!

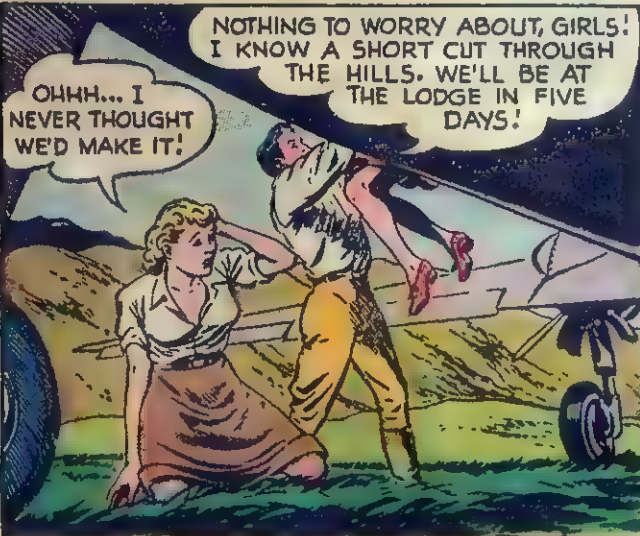
OVER THE TOWERING PEAKS OF THE CHANDLER HILLS, THE ENGINES STUTTER AND STOP — THEN THE BIG PLANE TAILSPINS DOWNWARD!



WITH SILENT MOTORS, THE PLANE GLIDES LIKE A HAWK — JUST MISSING A CRACK-UP!...



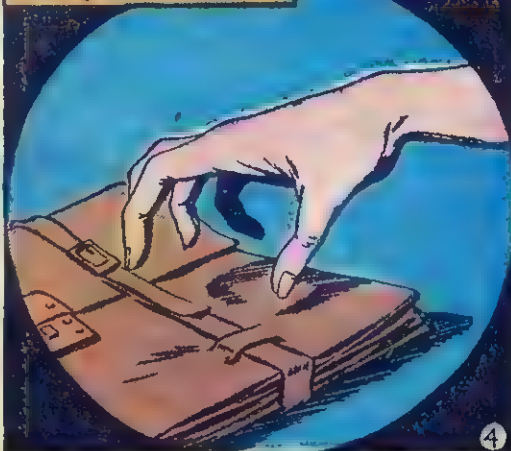
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, GIRLS! I KNOW A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE HILLS. WE'LL BE AT THE LODGE IN FIVE DAYS!

OHHH... I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D MAKE IT!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE EXHAUSTED TRAVELERS SLEEP, A HAND REACHES STEALTHILY FOR BILL'S BRIEFCASE...

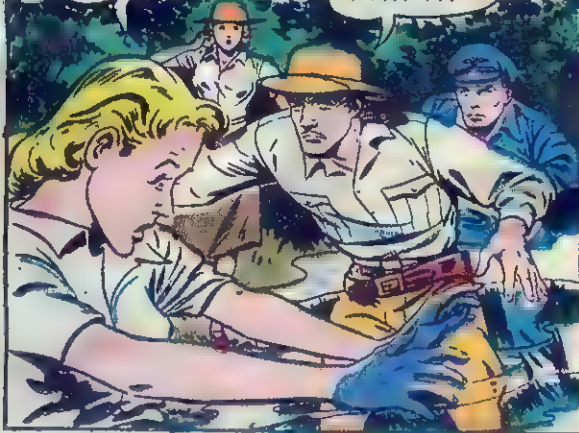


NEXT DAY, THE WEARY TRAVELERS PASS THROUGH A STRANGE LAND FILLED WITH HOT STEAM RISING FROM HIDDEN SPRINGS...



MY HANDS! THEY'RE TURNING BLUE! I'VE BEEN POISONED!

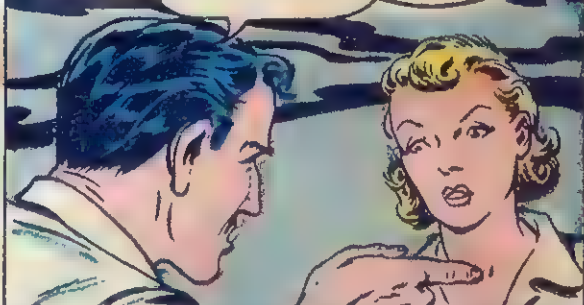
RELAX, SISTER! THAT'S JUST A HARMLESS SOLUTION OF BROMOPHENOL! I COATED MY BRIEFCASE WITH IT!



SUDDENLY...

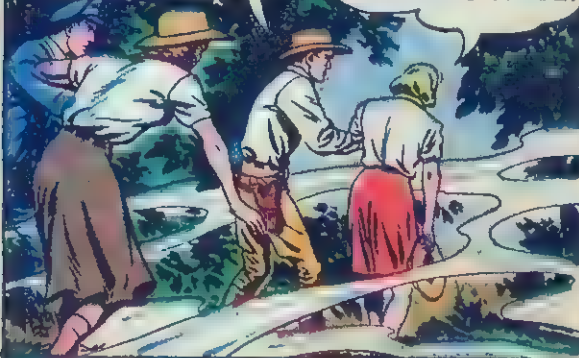


THE REAL NIECE WOULDN'T BE SCARED BY THE PROOF OF HER IDENTITY IN MY BRIEFCASE, BUT THE FALSE NIECE WOULD! BROMOPHENOL TURNS ANYTHING BLUE WHEN IT COMES IN CONTACT WITH MOIST AIR—LIKE HOT SPRINGS! YOUR BLUE HANDS PROVE YOU'RE THE FALSE CLAIMANT!



WE'RE RETURNING TO BOMBAY, MISS. ON THE WAY BACK, YOU CAN TELL ME WHO'S BEHIND THIS SCHEME—AND WHO SHOT JIM WILLIAMS.

I'LL TALK! I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THE RAP FOR THE WHOLE GANG! I WAS HIRED TO PRETEND TO BE WILLIAMS' NIECE.



SOME DAYS LATER, BACK IN BOMBAY...

NICE WORK, CONGO BILL. THE CASE IS SOLVED. LET'S GET JIM'S MURDERERS ARRESTED!

WE CAN'T! THE GANG PLANNED THEIR SWINDLE TOO WELL—THEY ARE PERFECTLY SAFE!



WE CAN'T CONVICT THOSE MEN OF MURDER UNTIL WE FIND JIM WILLIAMS' BODY. CORPUS DELICTI—FIND THE BODY, OR WE CAN'T EVEN PROVE A MURDER'S BEEN COMMITTED!

SO THAT'S WHY THEY CARRIED OFF THE BODY—TO GET RID OF ALL EVIDENCE OF MURDER!

BUT YOU CAN'T DIG UP ALL OF INDIA LOOKING FOR A MISSING BODY!

TAKE IT EASY, HONEY. WE'RE GOING TO WAIT FOR THE MURDER EVIDENCE TO TURN UP.

AS THE DAYS FLOW INTO WEEKS, AND THE WEEKS INTO MONTHS...

CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO FIND THE BODY?

ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT.

HOW MUCH LONGER?

WAIT AND SEE!

AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON...

WE HAVE FOUND IT, SAHIB! ON A HILLSIDE BEYOND THE PARSEE TOWERS OF SILENCE!

GREAT! THE EVIDENCE HAS FINALLY TURNED UP! NOW I KNOW WHERE JIM'S BODY IS HIDDEN!

SOME DAYS LATER...

I DON'T GET IT. YOU SIMPLY WAITED AROUND ... KNOWING THAT YOU'D FIND OUT WHERE THOSE KILLERS HAD BURIED YOUR FRIEND?

THAT'S RIGHT, BAD NEWS. YOU SEE, I WAS WITH JIM THE LAST HOUR OF HIS LIFE, AND I RECALLED SEEING HIM PLACE SOME RARE ORCHID BULBS IN HIS POCKET...

AFTER HIS MURDERERS BURIED HIM, THOSE BULBS STARTED TO GROW! MY NATIVE FRIENDS HUNTED FOR THOSE GROWING ORCHIDS—AND FOUND THEM! WE DUG... UNCOVERED THE BODY. AND NOW—HIS KILLERS WILL STAND TRIAL—AND PAY THE PENALTY FOR MURDER!

THE END

NO SEWING NEEDED! PRESS 'EM ON!

BIG FELT LETTERS



WE GOT LETTERS AND NUMERALS FOR THE WHOLE TEAM WITH **BAZOOKA** WRAPPERS!

COMIC STRIP IN EVERY PACK!
VALUABLE PRIZES FOR WRAPPERS!

6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢



**YOURS FOR ONLY 10¢ EACH!
WITH A BAZOOKA WRAPPER
PICK YOUR COLOR!**

4-inch letter or number (0-9) in washable felt, in your favorite color. No sewing needed—just press the letter onto your shirt or sweater with a hot iron.



OUR CLUB GOT LETTERS, TOO!
WE JUST **PRESS** THEM ON! **NO SEWING!**



USE THIS COUPON, OR WRITE TO
BAZOOKA
BOX 20, MADISON SQUARE STATION,
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME _____
(GIVE LETTER OR NUMBER DESIRED AND COLOR PREFERRED)
I ENCLOSE 10¢ AND A BAZOOKA WRAPPER FOR EACH
LETTER OR NUMBER REQUESTED.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

EIAPQVOBWV IVL
TQVKWTV APWCTL
ITEIGA JM ZMUMUJ-
MZML JG BPMQZ OZ-
MIB EWZSA NWZ
ZIKQIT IVL ZMTQ-
QQWCA NZMMLWU.

SUPERMAN,

c o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

APRIL

Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to
receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

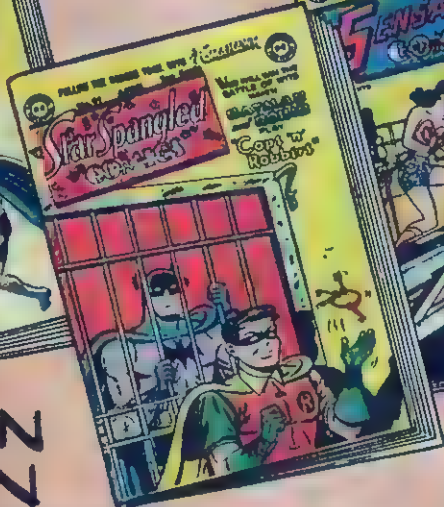
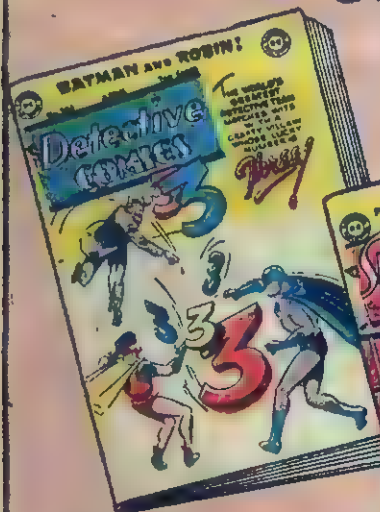
NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS

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KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND

FOR AMERICA'S GREATEST COMIC STARS -



BATMAN ROBIN SUPERBOY WONDER WOMAN

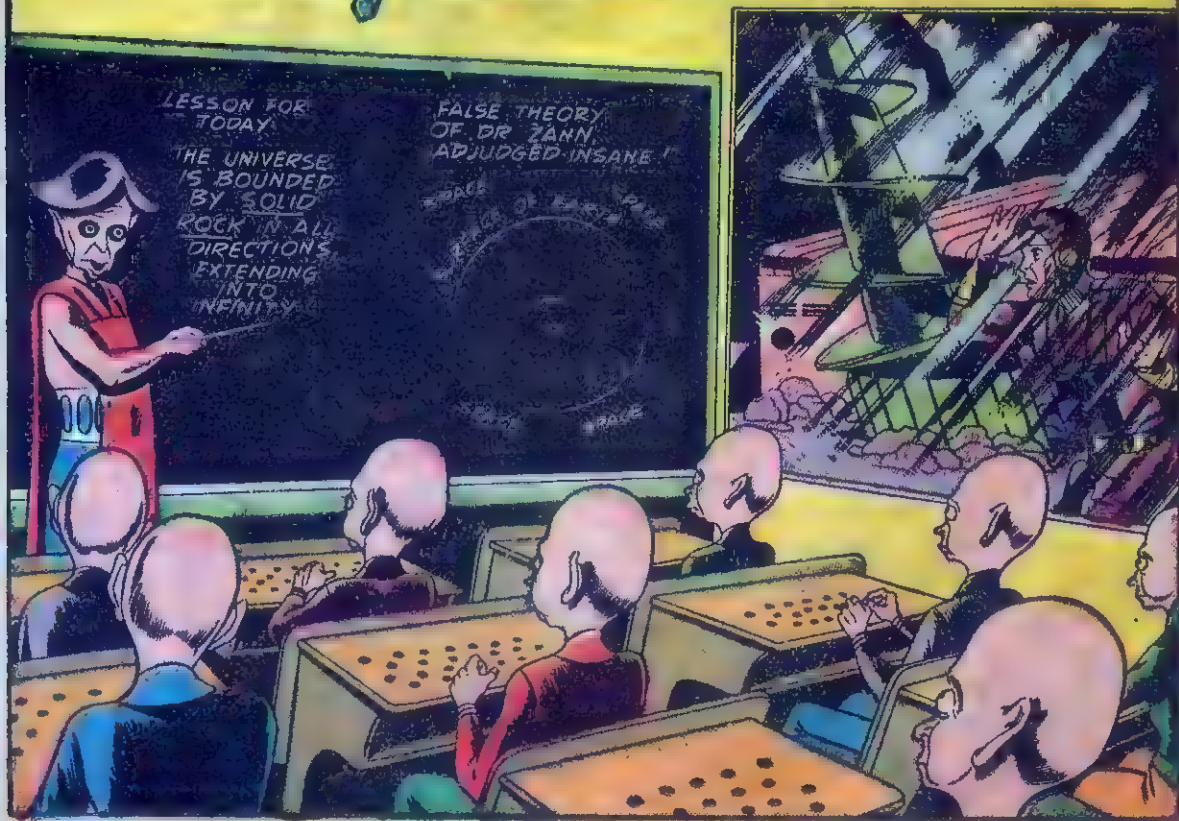


THIS SYMBOL IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN COMICS.

Tommy TOMORROW

A DOZEN DIFFERENT PLANETS HAVE SEEN THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, ADVENTURER OF 1989! NOW THE FAMED PLANETEER MAKES HIS MOST ASTOUNDING JOURNEY OF ALL, NOT THROUGH SPACE, BUT DOWN INTO THE HEART OF EARTH ITSELF! WHAT STRANGE INNER WORLD EXISTS BELOW OUR FEET, FOUR THOUSAND MILES DOWN? CAN THERE BE SUBTERRANEAN CIVILIZATION HIDDEN AWAY IN A ROCK-BOUND UNIVERSE? TOMMY TOMORROW AGAIN BLAZES A TRAIL OF THE FUTURE WHEN HE LEARNS...

"The Secret at the Center of the Earth!"



OUT IN THE GREAT MOJAVE DESERT, A RADIUM PROSPECTOR OF THE YEAR 1989 WENDS HIS LONELY WAY, WHEN SUDDENLY A DREADED SOUND IS HEARD!

A RATTLER!

WHRRRRRRRR

BUT INSTEAD OF A DEADLY KILLER SNAKE, IT IS A MECHANICAL MYSTERY!

WHERE IN THE WORLD DID THAT THING COME FROM? WHAT IS IT?

WHRRRRRRRR

A MESSAGE INSIDE! CAN'T MAKE HEADS NOR TAILS OF TH' WRITING! I'D BETTER TURN THIS OVER TO TH' SCIENCE BUREAU!

LATER, AT THE SCIENCE BUREAU, WHERE EVEN THE DEAD LANGUAGES OF OTHER WORLDS CAN BE SOLVED, THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE IS DECODED!

IT'S AN UNKNOWN EARTH LANGUAGE! BUT BY USING OUR UNIVERSAL IDEOGRAPH TRANSLATOR, WE GOT A ROUGH TRANSLATION!

TO ANYONE WHO RECEIVES THIS MESSAGE: WE ARE ENSLAVED!... WE NEED HELP AGAINST OUR HATED MASTERS!

THE MESSAGE CAME FROM UNDERGROUND!

YES! THIS BORING DEVICE MUST HAVE COME THROUGH HUNDREDS OF MILES OF ROCK! WE'VE GOT TO DUPLICATE THE FEAT IN REVERSE, WITH A LARGER MACHINE!

COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW IS COMMISSIONED TO DRIVE THE COMPLETED MECHANICAL MOLE!

WE DON'T KNOW HOW DEEP YOU'LL HAVE TO BORE TO FIND THE SENDERS OF THE MESSAGE! WE NEVER BEFORE SUSPECTED A RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS WITHIN THE EARTH!

I'LL FIND THEM, SIR!

WITH AN EAR-SHATTERING ROAR OF ITS MIGHTY ATOMIC ENGINES, THE MECHANICAL MOLE PROBES ITS WAY DOWNWARD INTO THE EARTH, TO BEGIN THE STRANGEST JOURNEY OF ALL TIME!

THIS MACHINE CAN GRIND ITS WAY THROUGH SOLID ROCK AT HIGH SPEED! IT CAN REACH THE CENTER OF THE EARTH...IF IT HAS TO!

THAT'S 4,000 MILES STRAIGHT DOWN!

THE ROCK-BORING SHIP SOON BREAKS ALL EXISTING RECORDS FOR DEPTH BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE!

MEN, WE'RE BELOW ALL MINE SHAFTS, OIL WELLS, AND EVEN THE OCEAN BOTTOMS! AND WE'RE STILL GOING DOWN!

BUT EARTH'S INNER HEAT, AND THE FRICTION OF THEIR DESCENT, SENDS THE THERMOMETER SOARING!

130 DEGREES! WE CAN'T...GASP!... STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS HEAT, SIR!

INDICATORS SHOW A DEEP POOL OF OIL WESTWARD! I'LL TURN THROUGH IT!

WHEW! THAT HELPS! THE OIL COOLED US DOWN CONSIDERABLY! AND WE CAN REPORT THIS OIL POOL TO THE SCIENCE BUREAU WHEN WE RETURN!

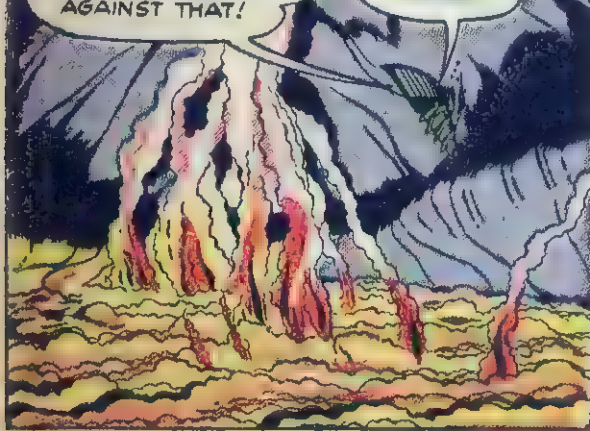
BUT THERE ARE MORE DISCOVERIES AS THE MECHANICAL MOLE PENETRATES UNKNOWN DEPTHS...

A SAMPLE OF EACH STRATUM WE PASS THROUGH COMES INTO THIS SLIT! LOOK, MEN! WE'RE GOING THROUGH A LAYER OF SOLID GOLD--MILES OF IT!

BUT AGAIN, LATER, DANGER STRIKES AS THEY PLUNGE UNEXPECTEDLY DOWN THROUGH THE BURIED HEART OF A VOLCANO!

MOLTEN LAVA! OUR ARMOR-PLATE CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST THAT!

QUICK! TURN FOR SOLID ROCK!



TOMMY TOMORROW IS RIGHT! AT THE DEPTH OF ALMOST 4,000 MILES, AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT MEETS THEIR WONDERING EYES!

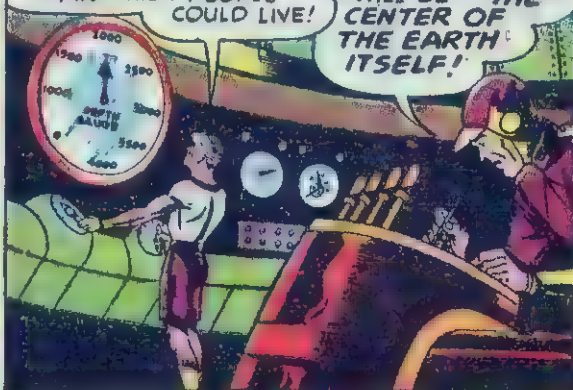
LOOK! THE CENTER OF THE EARTH IS A HUGE HOLLOW! WE BURST THROUGH AND NOW WE'RE DROPPING LIKE A STONE! THIS SHIP ISN'T MEANT TO FLY!



CALAMITY AVERTED, THE ROCK-EATING SHIP CONTINUES ON ITS BLIND JOURNEY DOWN... DOWN-- DOWN!

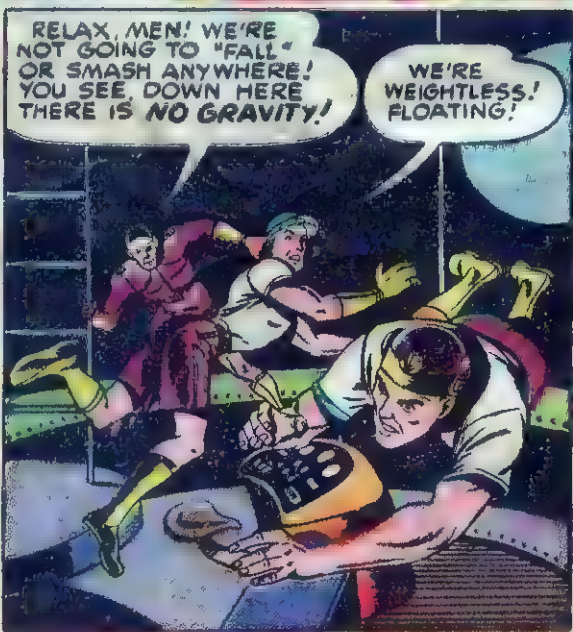
2,000 MILES DOWN! BUT WE'VE STRUCK NO CAVERN YET, IN WHICH PEOPLE COULD LIVE!

HMM! I HAVE A HUNCH THAT OUR DESTINATION WILL BE... THE CENTER OF THE EARTH ITSELF!



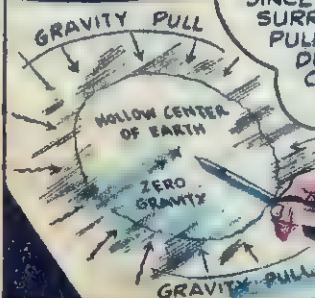
RELAX, MEN! WE'RE NOT GOING TO "FALL" OR SMASH ANYWHERE! YOU SEE, DOWN HERE THERE IS NO GRAVITY!

WE'RE WEIGHTLESS! FLOATING!



TOMMY TOMORROW QUICKLY ILLUSTRATES THE AMAZING PHENOMENON FOR HIS BAFLED MEN!

SIMPLE ENOUGH! GRAVITY IS THE PULL OF MATTER! BUT, SINCE SOLID MATTER COMPLETELY SURROUNDS THIS HOLLOW, THE PULL IS EQUAL IN ALL DIRECTIONS! THUS, GRAVITY CANCELS OUT TO ZERO AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!



THE SHIP COMES TO REST LIGHTLY AS A FEATHER, AND THE CREW OF THE MECHANICAL MOLE EXPERIENCES COMPLETE LACK OF WEIGHT!

WATCH YOURSELF, MEN, OR YOU'LL FLOAT AWAY! NOTICE THAT THERE'S A SMALL CENTRAL SUN, GIVING THE HOLLOW LIGHT! IT'S PROBABLY COMPOSED OF ACCUMULATED RADIOACTIVE MATTER!

A WORLD WITHIN A WORLD! LET'S FIND THE PEOPLE WHO SENT THE MESSAGE! OUR BOOTS, FITTED WITH SUCTION-CUPS, WILL SUBSTITUTE FOR GRAVITY!

INNER EARTH PEOPLE! THEY'RE NOT OF THE HUMAN RACE!

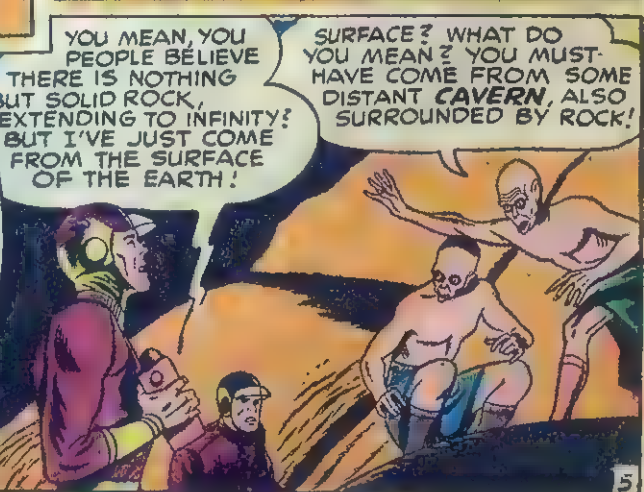
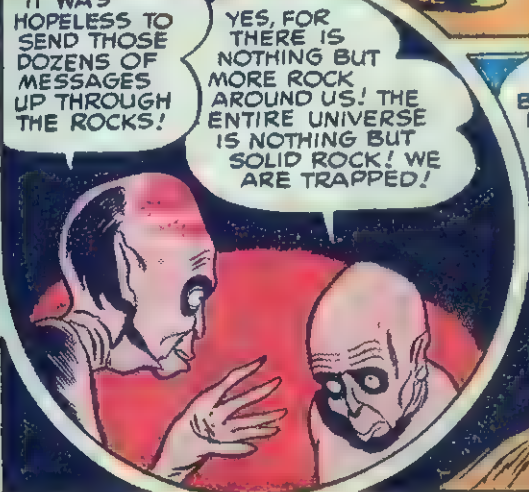
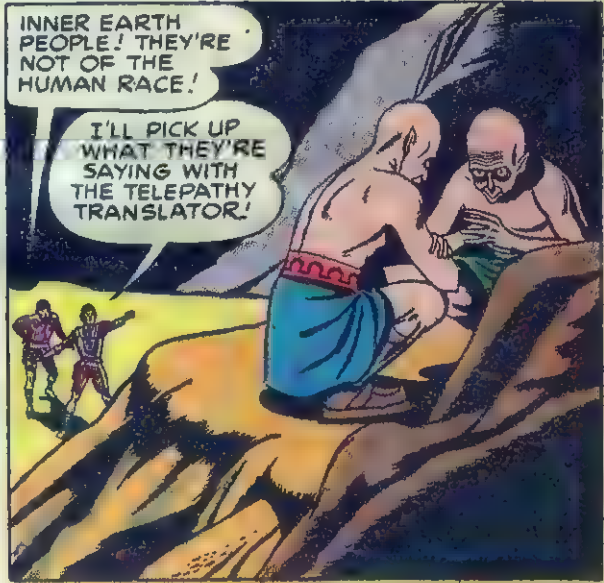
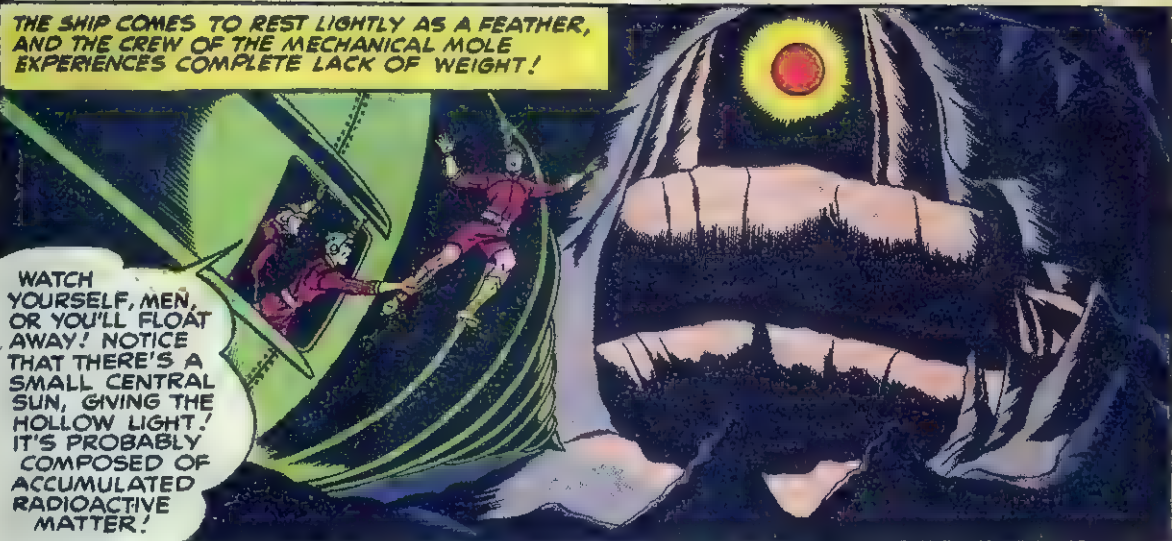
I'LL PICK UP WHAT THEY'RE SAYING WITH THE TELEPATHY TRANSLATOR!

IT WAS HOPELESS TO SEND THOSE DOZENS OF MESSAGES UP THROUGH THE ROCKS!

YES, FOR THERE IS NOTHING BUT MORE ROCK AROUND US! THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE IS NOTHING BUT SOLID ROCK! WE ARE TRAPPED!

YOU MEAN, YOU PEOPLE BELIEVE THERE IS NOTHING BUT SOLID ROCK, EXTENDING TO INFINITY? BUT I'VE JUST COME FROM THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH!

SURFACE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU MUST HAVE COME FROM SOME DISTANT CAVERN, ALSO SURROUNDED BY ROCK!



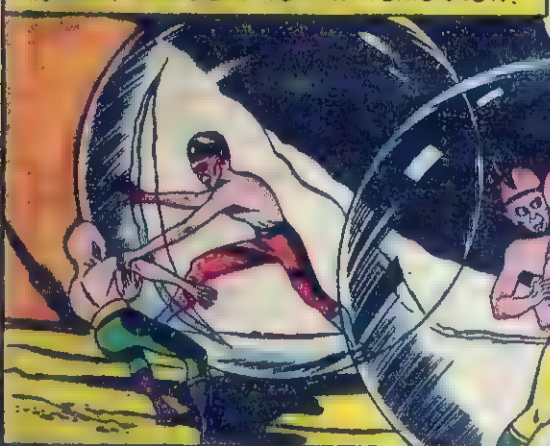
TOMMY TOMORROW FINDS IT IMPOSSIBLE TO EXPLAIN THE TRUE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE TO THE INNER-WORLD MEN!

BLUE SKY? STARS? EMPTY SPACE? WHAT GIBBERISH IS THAT? YOU HAVE COME FROM ANOTHER HOLLOW, THAT'S ALL!

I GIVE UP! THEY BELIEVE THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS SOLID ROCK, WITH PEOPLE LIVING IN "HOLLOWS"!

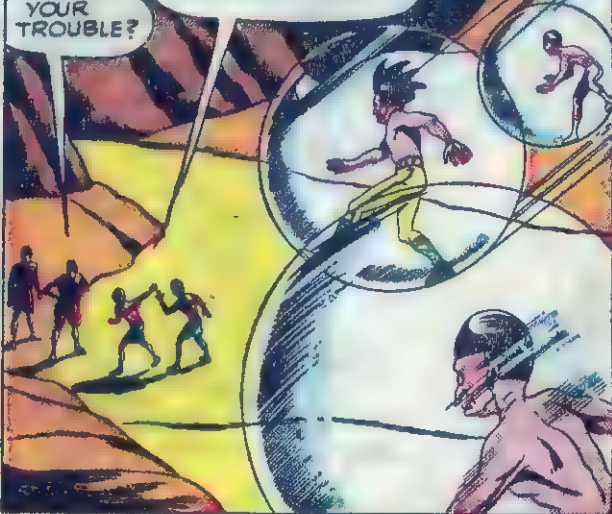


PROPELLING THEMSELVES IN PLASTIC BALLOONS, THE STRANGE MASTERS OF THE INNER-WORLD RECAPTURE THEIR SLAVES, AND DEFEAT TOMMY TOMORROW!



ANYWAY, WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE. WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE?

THE MASTERS HAVE ENSLAVED OUR PEOPLE! WE ESCAPED! BUT HERE COME THE MASTERS NOW!



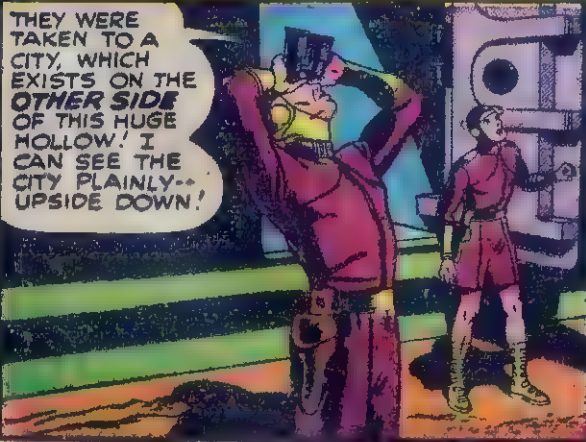
COME, SLAVE! WE NEED YOU AT THE ROCK PLANT!

OOF! NO WAY OF BREAKING INTO THAT THING!



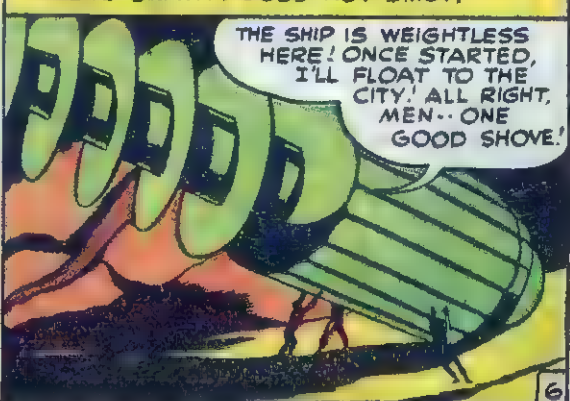
LATER, BACK AT THE SHIP, TOMMY EASILY SEES WHERE THE CAPTIVES ARE TAKEN!

THEY WERE TAKEN TO A CITY, WHICH EXISTS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS HUGE HOLLOW! I CAN SEE THE CITY PLAINLY-- UPSIDE DOWN!



AND TOMMY TOMORROW FINDS AN EASY WAY TO VISIT THE ALIEN CITY OF THE HOLLOW, WHERE GRAVITY DOES NOT EXIST!

THE SHIP IS WEIGHTLESS HERE! ONCE STARTED, I'LL FLOAT TO THE CITY! ALL RIGHT, MEN-- ONE GOOD SHOVE!



THIS IS TOMMY TOMORROW'S
UNIQUE FLIGHT ACROSS THE
HOLLOW CENTER OF EARTH,
IN AN ARMOR-PLATED SHIP
THAT ON EARTH'S SURFACE
COULD NOT LIFT ITSELF AN
INCH!

I'M SKIRTING PAST
THE TINY CENTRAL
SUN!

AND JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY, IN DUE TIME...

I CAN BORE
MY WAY
INTO THE HEART
OF THE CITY
NOW!

FASTER! NO
LAGGING!

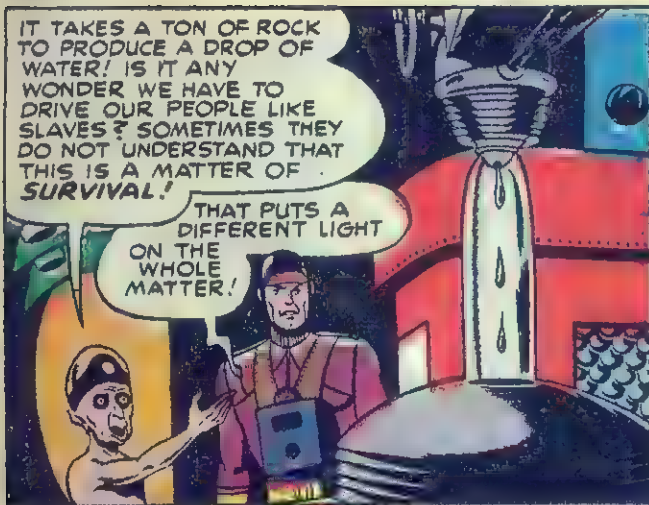
SLAVERY,
IF I EVER
SAW IT!

I GUESS FORCE IS THE ONLY
LANGUAGE YOU SLAVE-
DRIVERS UNDERSTAND!

WAIT! YOU THINK OF US
MASTERS AS CRUEL AND
RUTHLESS! BUT IT IS FOR
THE GOOD OF OUR PEOPLE!
THE ONLY WAY OUR RACE
CAN SURVIVE IS BY
MANUFACTURING
WATER!

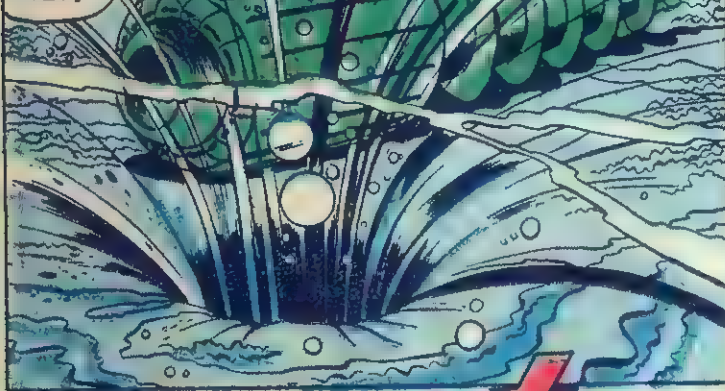
WATER?

WE RAN OUT OF NATURAL
SUPPLIES OF WATER A
CENTURY AGO! SINCE THEN,
WE HAVE HAD TO GRIND UP
ROCK TO EXTRACT THE
PITIFUL AMOUNTS OF
MOISTURE IN THEM!



AND TOMMY TOMORROW DOES PRODUCE, SIMPLY BY TAPPING THE MOST ILLIMITABLE SOURCE OF WATER KNOWN ON EARTH!

WE DRILLED A HOLE UP INTO THE BOTTOM OF LAKE TANGANYIKA! BEFORE THE HOLE CLOSES UP FROM SHIFTING STRESSES, ENOUGH WATER WILL POUR DOWN TO SUPPLY THEM FOR AGES! AND THE LAKE'S WATER LEVEL WILL ONLY GO DOWN A FEW FEET!

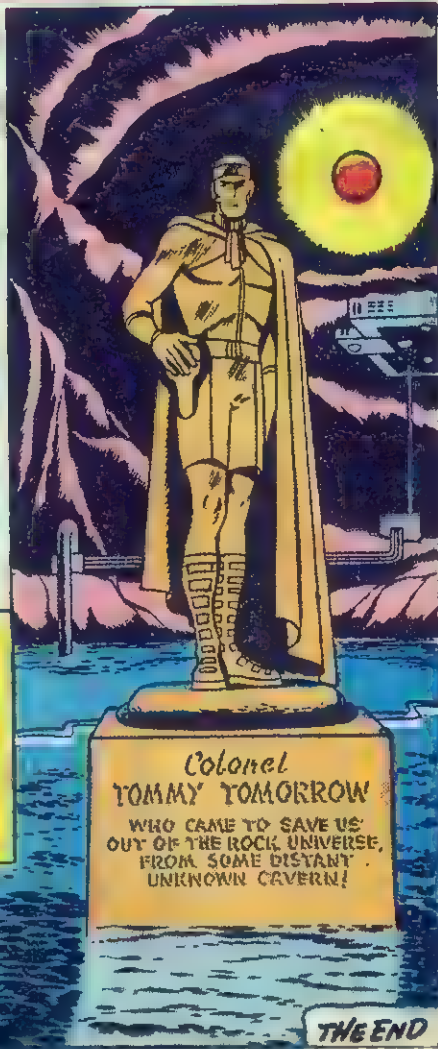


GREAT WORK, SIR! YOU'LL BE HONORED IN THE INNER WORLD FOR CENTURIES TO COME!

BUT I'LL BET THEY STILL DON'T BELIEVE WE CAME FROM EARTH'S SURFACE!



SOMETIME LATER, AFTER ROUNDING UP HIS CREW, TOMMY TOMORROW TAKES LEAVE OF THE INNER WORLD, WITH A DARING PLAN IN MIND!



HOWEVER, MONTHS LATER, THIS STATUE IS ERECTED BY THE GRATEFUL DENIZENS OF THE INNER WORLD!



KIDS!

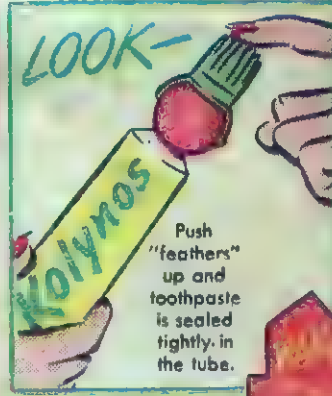
BRUSHING TEETH

IS FUN WITH

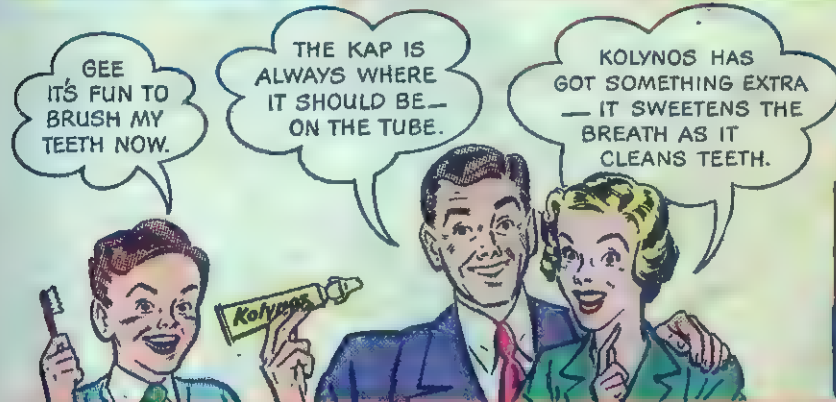
NEW KOLYNOS

INJUN KAP!

THE ONLY TOOTHPASTE CAP
THAT WORKS LIKE THIS!



AND I
CAN'T
DROP OFF—
CAN'T
GET LOST!



LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY AT YOUR DRUGGIST

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YOU AND THREE OF YOUR GANG COULD PULL THIS 896,000 POUND STEAM LOCOMOTIVE FROM A DEAD STOP, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SUPERMAN. IT'S EASY BECAUSE PRECISION BEARINGS ON EACH WHEEL DO 88% OF THE WORK!!



...AND WINCHESTER FREE WHEELING ROLLER SKATES SLIDE LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING BECAUSE THEY, TOO, HAVE WINCHESTER-MADE PRECISION BALL BEARINGS ON EACH WHEEL... THAT'S WHY IT'S SO EASY TO SKATE FASTER ON WINCHESTER FREE WHEELING ROLLER SKATES!!

REAL LEATHER STRAPS

NICKEL-PLATED STEEL GIRDERS FRAME

DOUBLE TREAD ROLLS FOR MORE MILEAGE

FELLERS, HERE'S MY NEW "PRO-TOPS" IN SKATING TIPS" BOOK-LET... FOR SOME HINTS ON EXPERT SKATING. THEY'RE GOING FAST --SO WRITE TODAY.

SAFETY CLAMPS

REMEMBER, INSIST ON
WINCHESTER
FREE WHEELING
ROLLER SKATES
GET THEM AT YOUR
LOCAL DEALER'S

TWO ROWS OF BALL BEARINGS IN EACH WHEEL
(IN NOS. 1281 AND 3127)

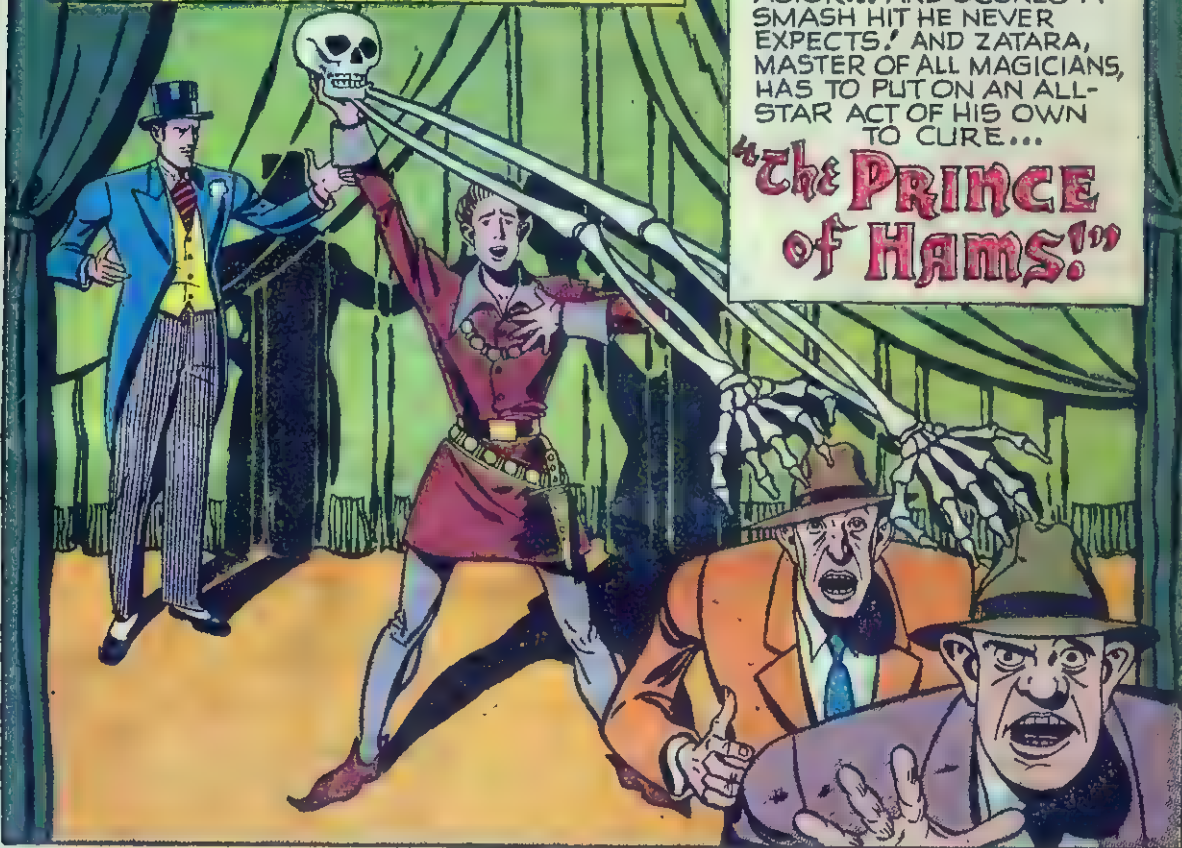
NO MORE
BOWLING
NOTE '89

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

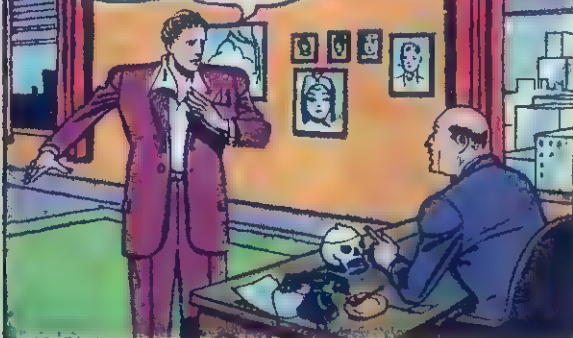
BYRON WANTS TO BE HAMLET... AND HE'S ONLY A HAM.' HIS ACTS ALWAYS TAKE A TUMBLE... UNTIL HE BECOMES A *REALLY* BAD ACTOR... AND SCORES A SMASH HIT HE NEVER EXPECTS.' AND ZATARA, MASTER OF ALL MAGICIANS, HAS TO PUT ON AN ALL-STAR ACT OF HIS OWN TO CURE...

"The PRINCE of HAMS!"



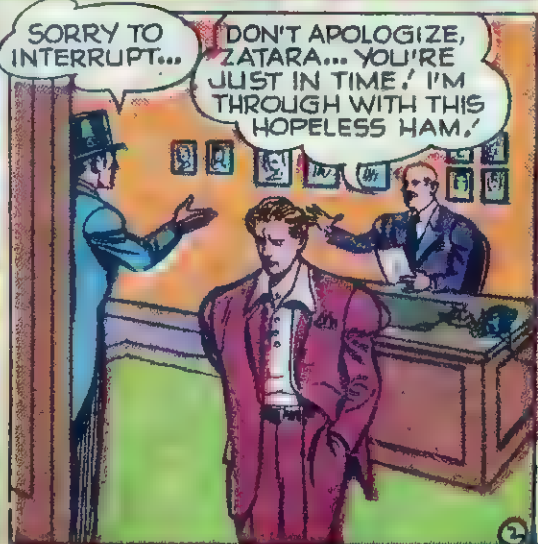
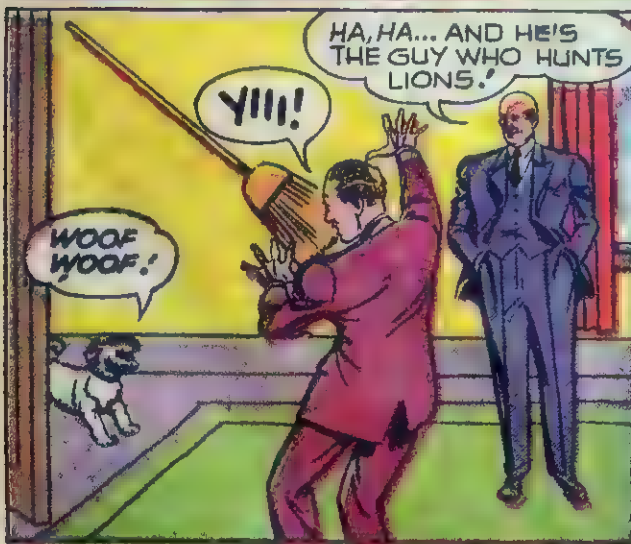
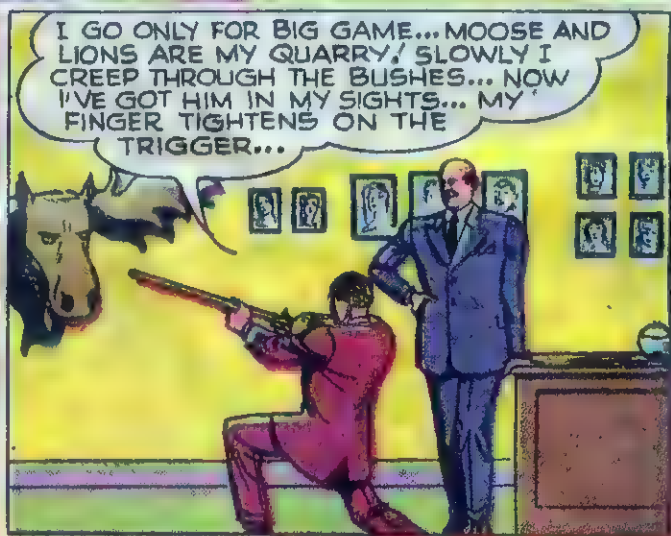
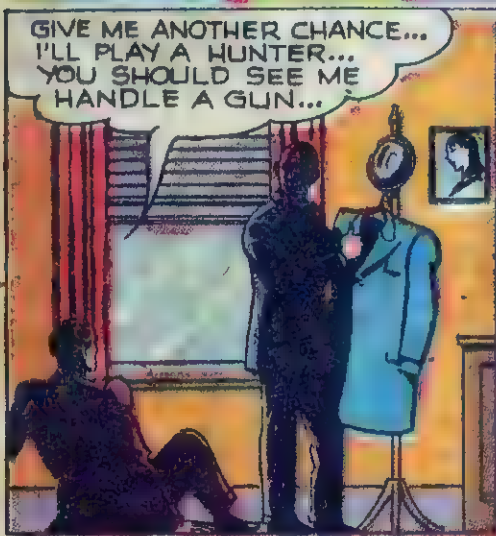
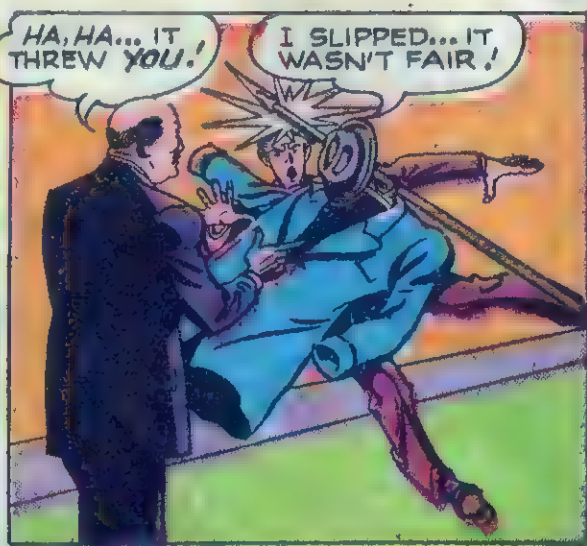
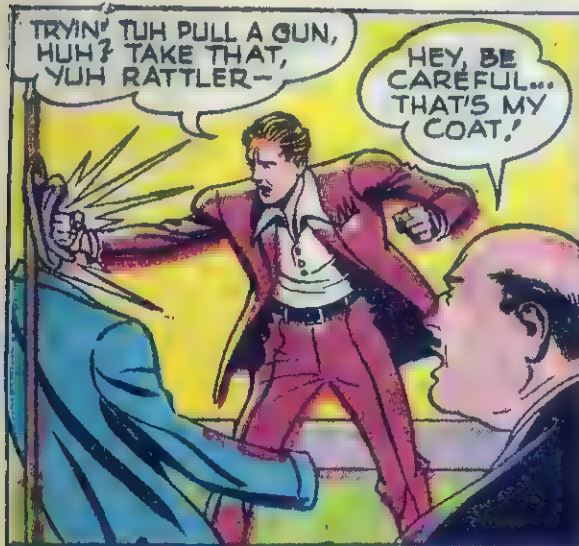
IN A PRODUCER'S OFFICE... BYRON BAYNE EXHIBITS HIS ABILITY...

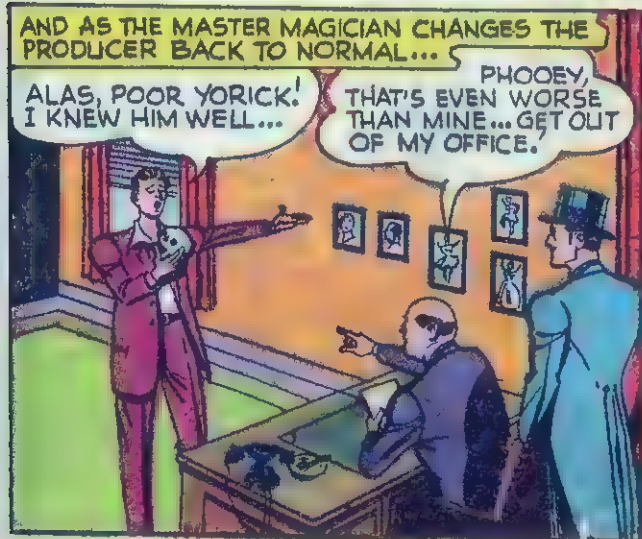
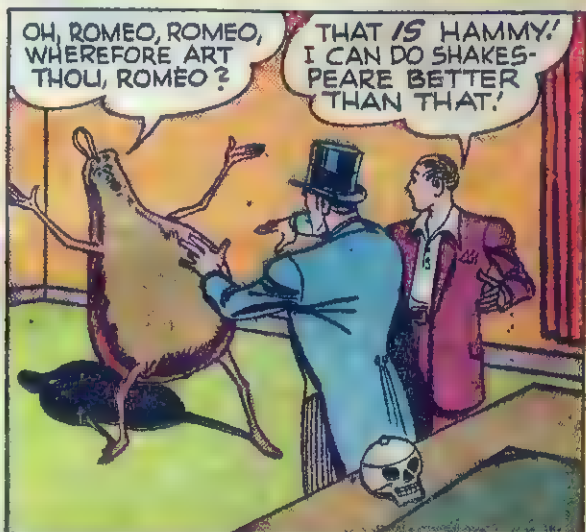
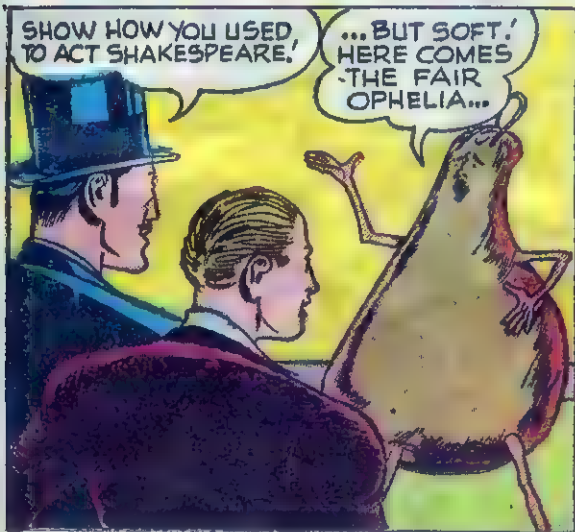
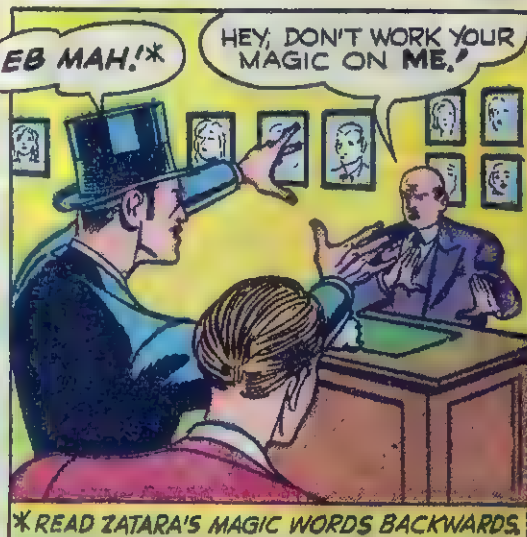
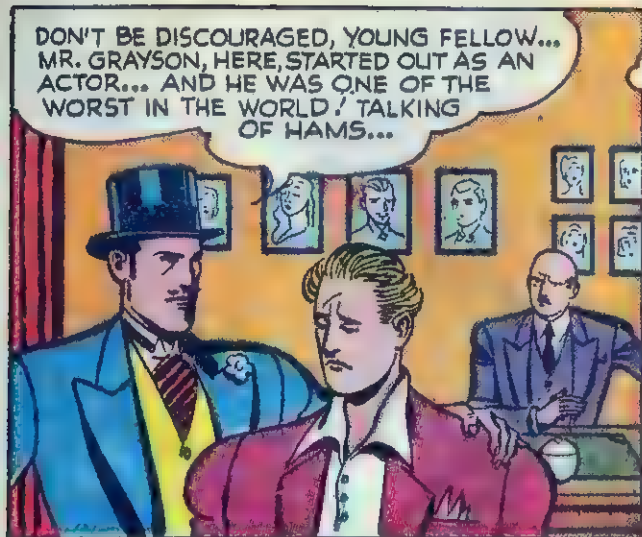
I CAN ACT IN *ANYTHING*, MR. GRAYSON... LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I'D PLAY THE HERO IN A WESTERN...

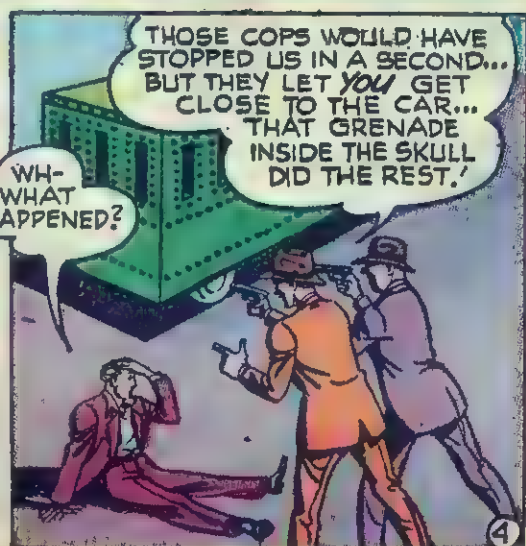
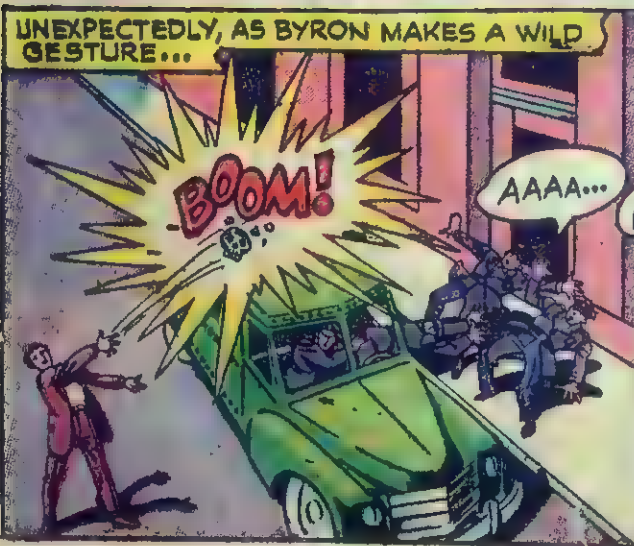
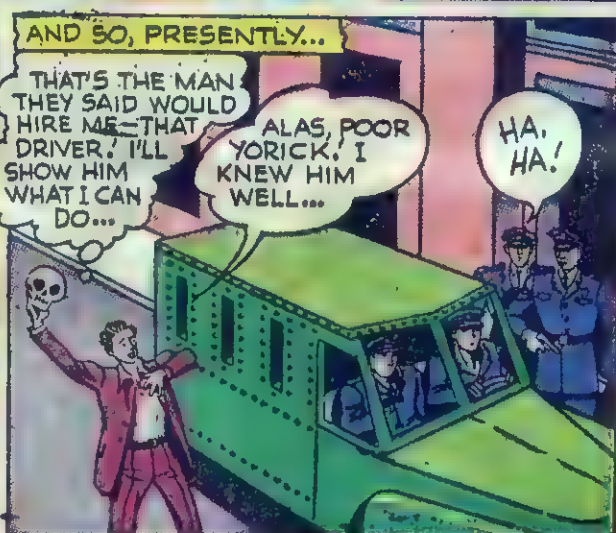
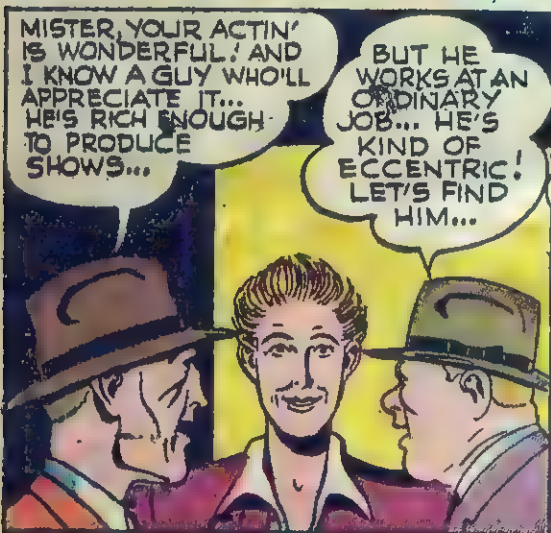
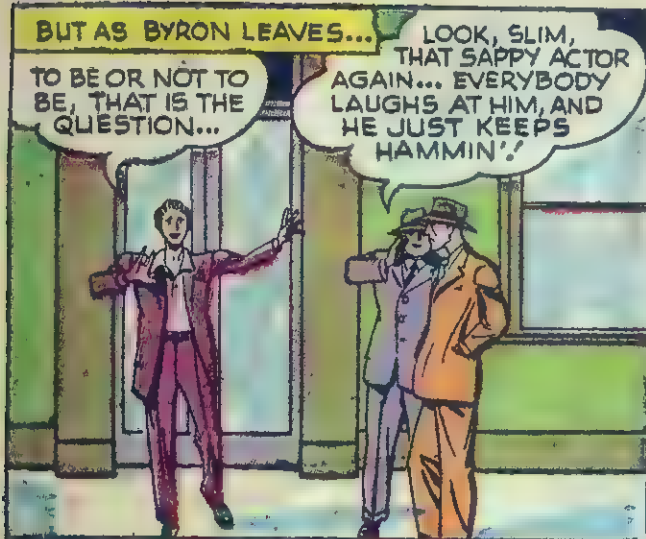


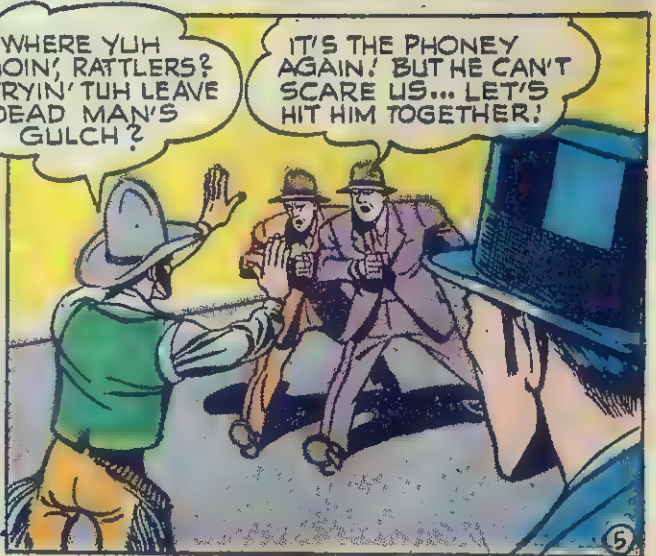
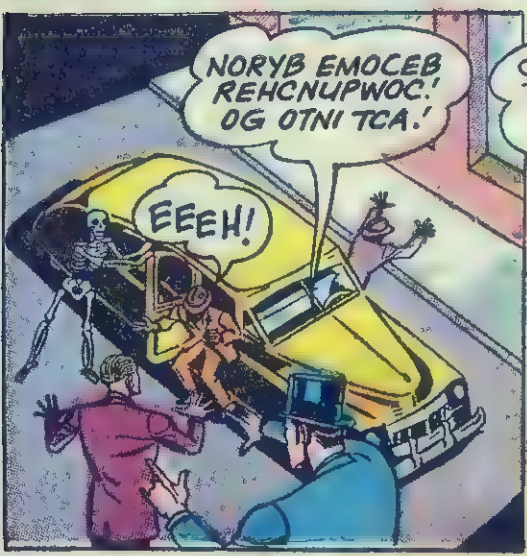
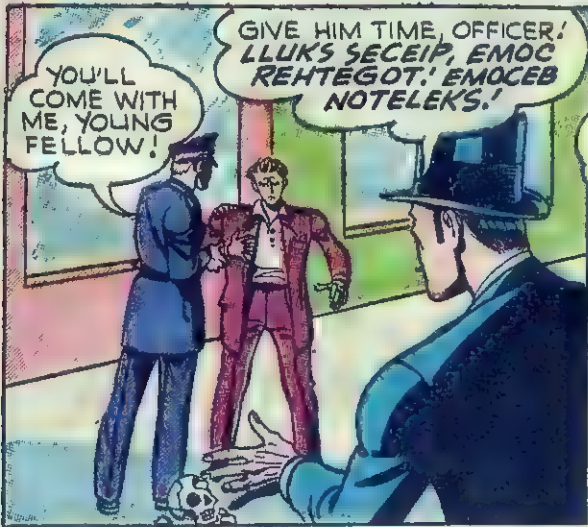
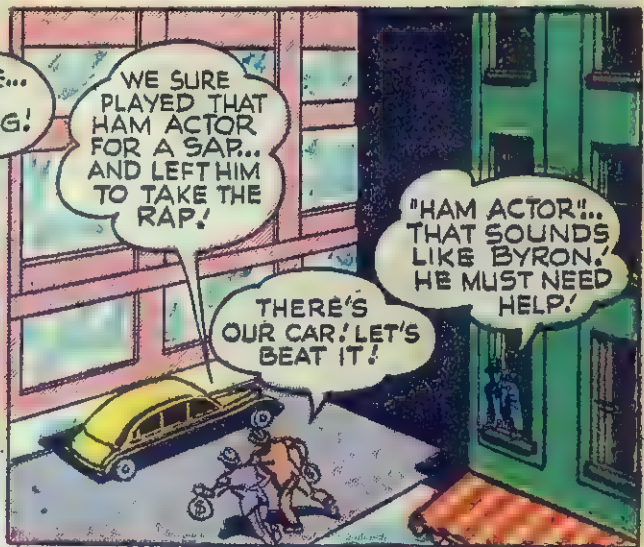
YOU'RE A HOSS-STEALIN' VILLAIN, JACK DALTON... YUH TRIED TUH RUSTLE THEM CATTLE...

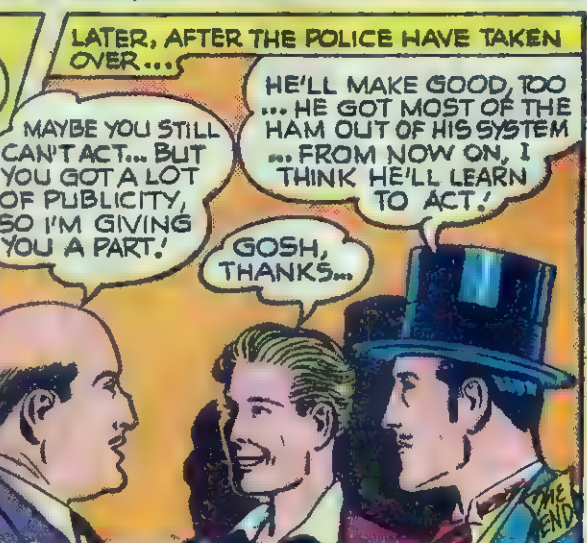
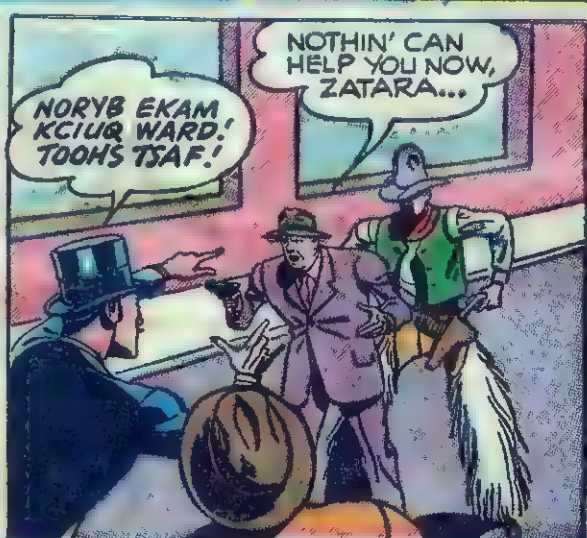
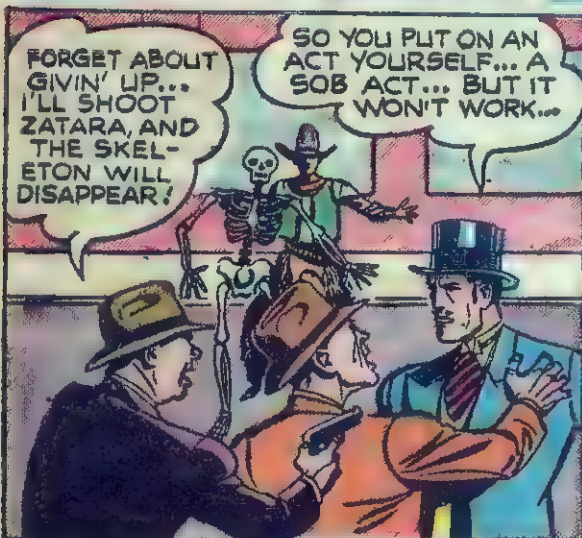
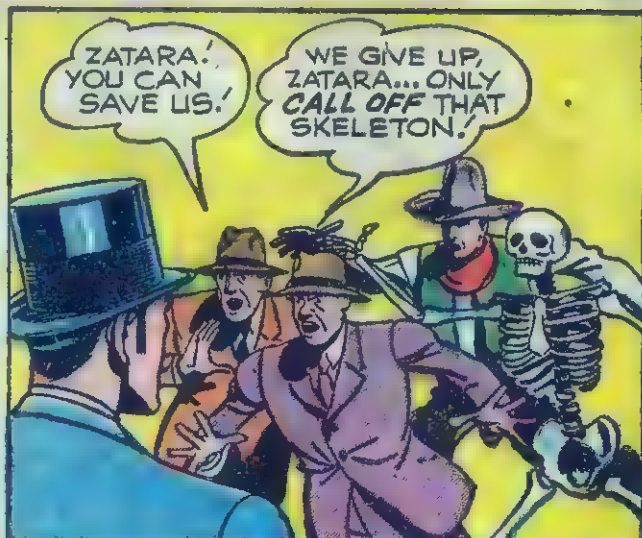
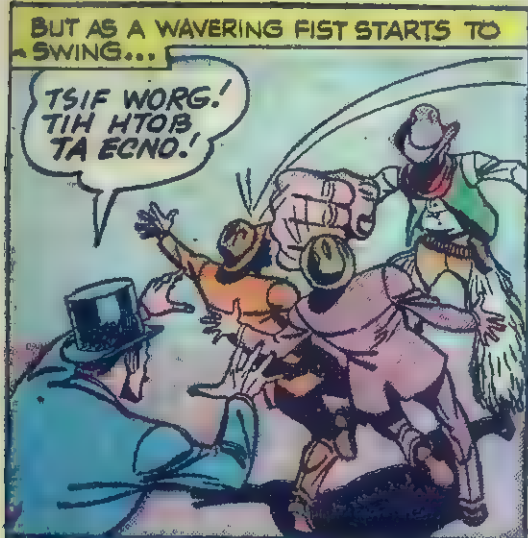




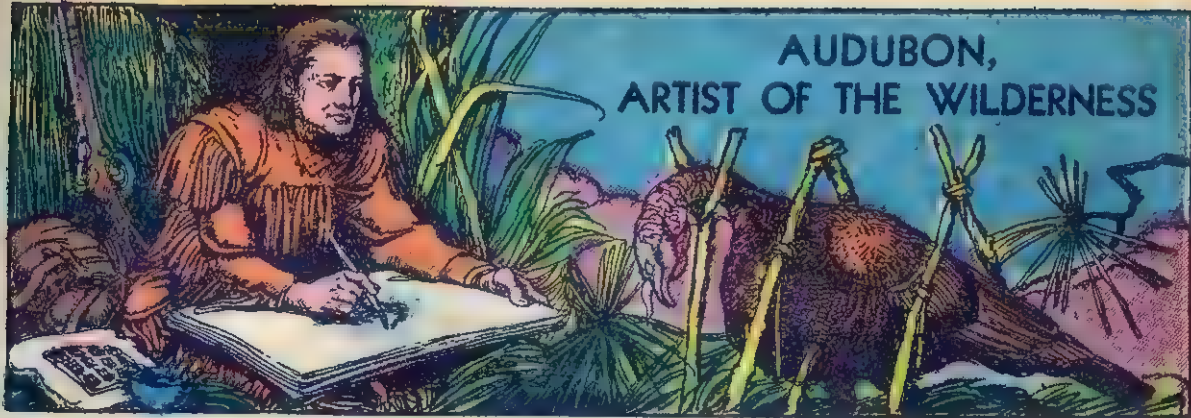








AUDUBON, ARTIST OF THE WILDERNESS



HOLLYWOOD never recognized him as a rootin', tootin' hero. He never killed a red-skin, never rooted a balky Texas steer, never exchanged lead with rustlers.

Yet John Audubon was one of the most fabulous personalities of America's pioneering days, and he made his name, not with a gun, but with paints and a brush.

Audubon was a great American naturalist, now famous for his beautiful paintings of the bird-life of America. People mocked this handsome man in fringed buckskin, who could use a painter's brush as skillfully as he paddled a canoe or handled a long-stemmed rifle. They thought him a playboy, for Audubon could do many things besides his outdoor feats; he played the violin well—and he taught dancing too!

But above all, Audubon was a serious naturalist and he spent his life with one passion to satisfy—to draw the birds of America in their own natural surroundings. Today, because he persevered in that love for his work, his drawings are treasured pieces of art.

A hundred years ago and more, people laughed at this man and his illustrations, begun in the wilderness. They thought (and said) that an artist had no place in the wide-open spaces. He belonged in a studio in the city. But Audubon persisted in his beloved work, and today his courage and skill live in the memorable and spectacularly beautiful "Birds of America."

To get close-ups of America's winged beauties, Audubon would go anywhere, sometimes in the face of great dangers. Once, while traveling on a keelboat in the wilds of the western

frontier, Audubon spotted a species of the brownish-grey owl. He decided quickly that he must have it for his collection. Clambering out of the keelboat, he made his way to land and trapped the owl. But on his way back, his foot slipped into a bog and he found himself being sucked down by the dread quicksand! As he threshed wildly to keep his head up, he gave directions to the keelboat crew and they pulled him to safety just in time. When he stepped back into the boat, he had his feathery prize, the owl, to which he had clung gently but firmly throughout the incident!

Although the great scout, Daniel Boone, was Audubon's good friend and believed in the work he was attempting, most people thought Audubon slightly crazy. They shook their heads when they heard that he would ride miles just to get a glance at a spoon-billed mallard. They sighed when they heard stories (all true!) that Audubon would often spend a whole night, sleeping on a hard rock to wait for a golden-winged woodpecker to peep out of its nest. But they really gave up hope for him when, after laboring for weeks over one drawing, he would throw it away as not good enough to suit his high standards.

But Audubon was not stopped by gossip or poverty. Often, however, he had sharp doubts. While cutting through the wilderness, he would often wonder if all his work were not in vain. Was he pursuing a wild dream? Should he not try to find himself a steady living in a regular job? Blue despair seized him when he didn't have the money to buy sketching paper for his water-colors. But somehow, he found strength to continue in his chosen work, and made a

priceless contribution to American art and American ornithology (bird-lore) thereby.

Why did Audubon choose to become a naturalist-artist in those Conestoga-wagon days of America? We can trace it back to his childhood. Born in France, he was brought up in the beautiful French countryside near Nantes where, as a boy, he used to collect birds, study them, and draw them.

Then, salty, adventurous Captain Jean Audubon saw some sketches of birds done by his son, and realized that the boy must have a chance to develop his talent. So the good Captain sent young Audubon to study with the French artist, David. This move proved to be a failure. The studio atmosphere, the things that Audubon had to draw—ancient Greek statues instead of birds—made him unhappy. He felt walled in and decided that studio art was not for him. He needed the fullblooded contact with his beloved outdoors. Disappointed in young Audubon's progress, Captain Audubon sent him to the United States on business.

Here, at the wild frontier of America moving westward, Audubon was in paradise. He walked outside and was thrilled by the dramatic beauty of America's landscape. He determined to capture on canvas the wondrous spectacle of America's bird life. This idea never left him even after he married and had two children. Though he was seldom home, Audubon's family loved him, as a man and as an artist. Such a father, who could dance, sing, tell stories of the West, who could trap, shoot, and draw! And they were all joyous when pappa cupped his hands and imitated the cawcawings of a Blue Jay, or the whirl of the Colombian humming bird. It was a wonderful show, and Audubon's wife, Lucy, and the two children loved every minute of it.

When Audubon had collected a portfolio of his work, drawn life-size and in color at great cost, he had a brilliant idea. Out West nobody appreciated him and few would buy his bird drawings, even when he sold them door to door. He would go to Philadelphia, the cradle of culture. So he borrowed money and worked his way to Philadelphia, only to be discouraged again. Few thought much of this husky outdoorsman in leather buckskin. How could such a man be a genuine artist? Audubon was shocked by

the cold reception in Philadelphia, but he didn't give up.

Years later, even when John Audubon achieved some success, there was an unhappy side to it. His life's work, "Audubon's Birds of America" was finally published in England, after much negotiation and praying. Yet the portfolio of superb drawings was a flop, commercially. It got wonderful reviews in the English newspapers, but few people bought it. One big reason was that the book was too costly. It had to be hand-set, and only the very wealthy could afford such luxury.

Thus a half-century's toil gave Audubon little profit. But he didn't brood. He had gone into it with his eyes open. He had set himself a task and had completed it. No regrets, no whining. He had done what he had wanted with as much courage and honesty as he possessed. What else can any man ask?

In 1851, John Audubon died at 66, surrounded by his loving family. Little was he to realize that his fame and glorious achievement would endure forever.

Not long ago, for example, America's birds of the wilderness were vanishing rapidly. Hunters vied in stalking the proud heron, the brilliant blue jay. The birds fell out of the skies across America as they were shot down in Arkansas, the marshes of Oklahoma, the canyons of the Rockies. It reached a point where it was only a matter of time when the great sky birds, and their varicolored plumage, would be only a beautiful memory. Birds which had lent color and scenic beauty to America since Colonial days, were becoming scarcer than the American buffalo.

Then, men and women, doctors, lawyers, all sorts of plain people belonging to a certain organization spoke up. They set up a big clamor. Together with wildlife experts, they pleaded with the nation's law-makers. And they were heard. Today, thousands of birds are flourishing and healthy, protected in leafy "sanctuaries." Here they live in peace, can nest and breed without fearing the guns of hunters. The organization that helped bring these wildlife sanctuaries into existence was the Audubon Society, named in honor of the remarkable American naturalist, John Audubon.

VIGILANTE

GREG SANDERS GETS A FAN LETTER FROM A FAR DISTANT LAND, AND THE NEXT THING HE KNOWS, THE VIGILANTE IS TREATED TO A SPICY DISH OF SOUTH AMERICAN DANGER! BUT WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS DON'T MISS FIRE EVEN IN THE LAND OF THE LLAMA...AND THE PUNCHING PLAINS-MAN QUICKLY CATCHES ON TO SOME OLD SPANISH CUSTOMS IN HIS UNACCUSTOMED ROLE OF...

"THE PAMPAS TROUBADOUR!"

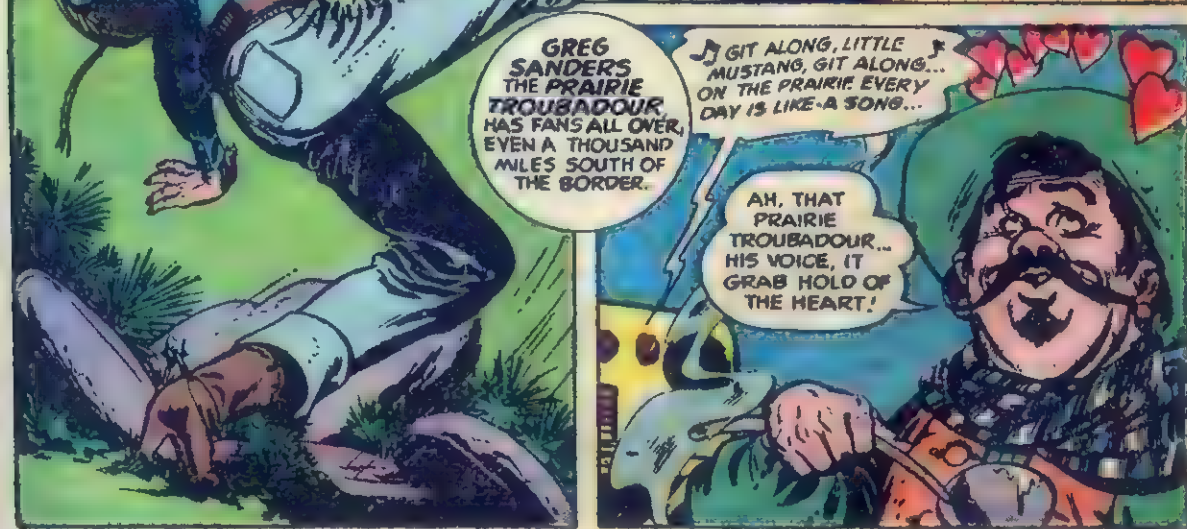
by
BARRY

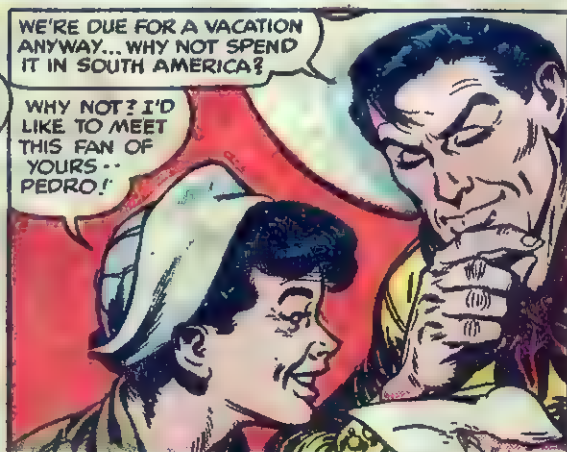
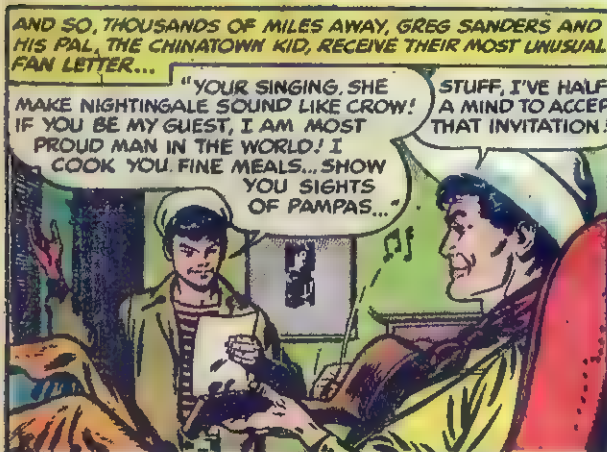


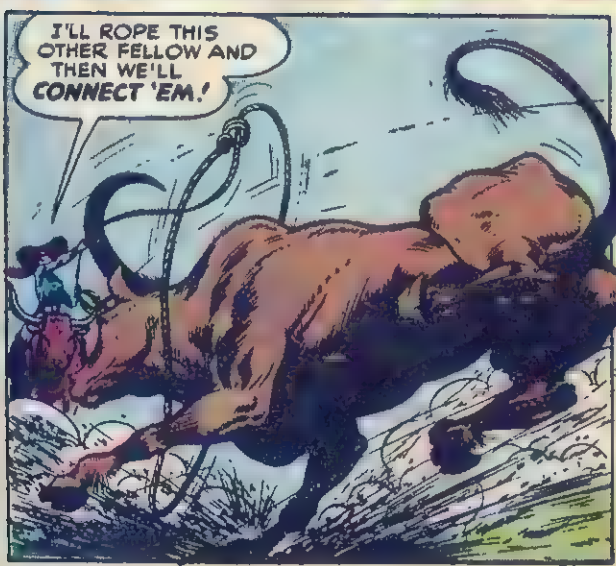
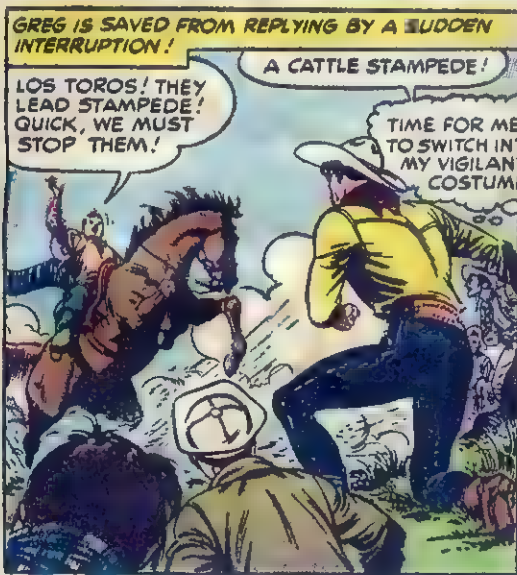
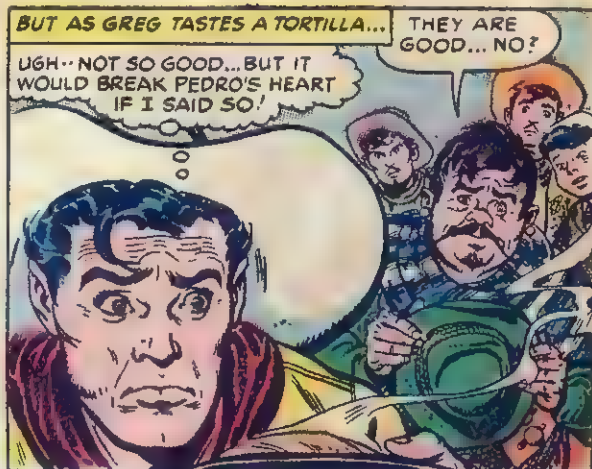
GREG SANDERS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR HAS FANS ALL OVER, EVEN A THOUSAND MILES SOUTH OF THE BORDER.

♪ GIT ALONG, LITTLE MUSTANG, GIT ALONG... ON THE PRAIRIE EVERY DAY IS LIKE A SONG...

AH, THAT PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR... HIS VOICE, IT GRAB HOLD OF THE HEART!



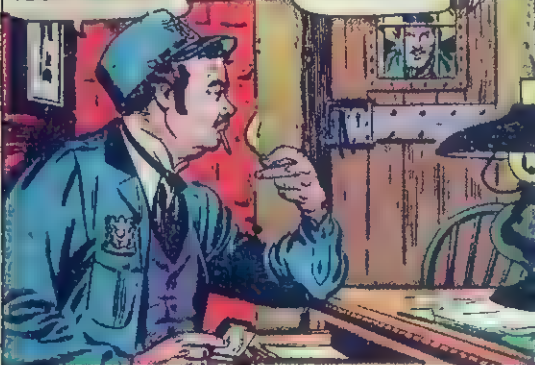




MEANWHILE, IN A JAIL A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY... A CONDEMNED PRISONER PLANS HIS ESCAPE...

DO NOT HAVE FOOLISH HOPES, DON JOSE... YOUR MEN CANNOT RESCUE YOU! TOMORROW, YOU PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES!

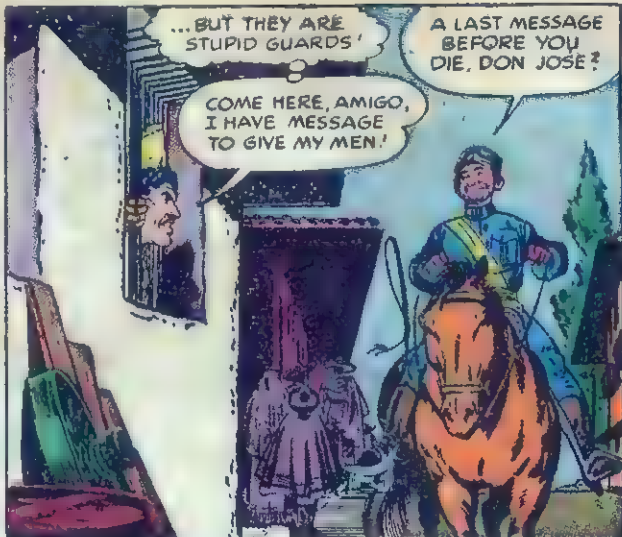
WE SHALL SEE, EL CAPITAN! IT IS TRUE YOU HAVE GUARDS ALL AROUND...



...BUT THEY ARE STUPID GUARDS!

A LAST MESSAGE BEFORE YOU DIE, DON JOSE?

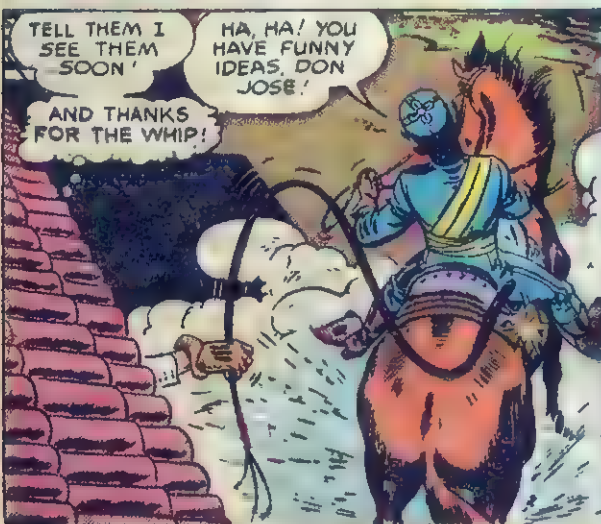
COME HERE, AMIGO, I HAVE MESSAGE TO GIVE MY MEN!



TELL THEM I SEE THEM SOON!

HA, HA! YOU HAVE FUNNY IDEAS, DON JOSE!

AND THANKS FOR THE WHIP!



SOON, EL CAPITAN WILL HAVE A SURPRISE!



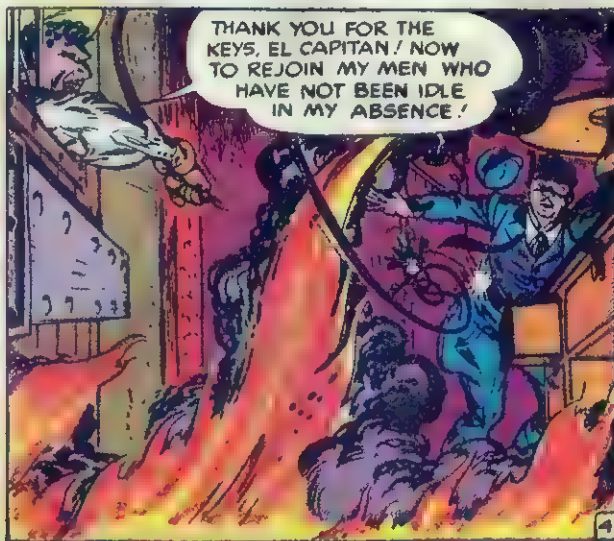
THAT IS ENOUGH TO START A FIRE... NOW THE FOOL WILL RUSH INTO HIS OFFICE...

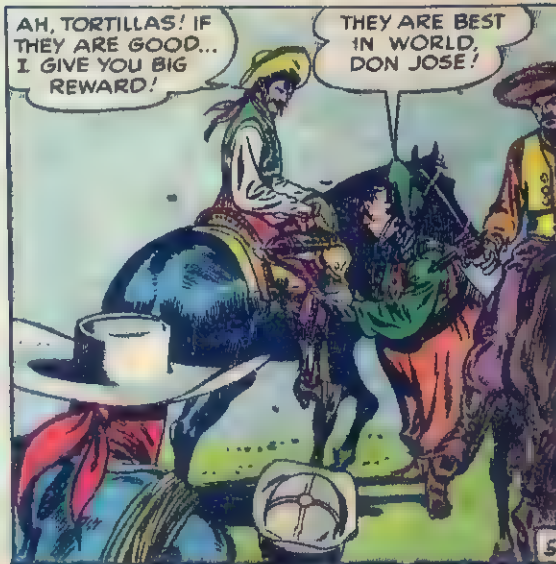
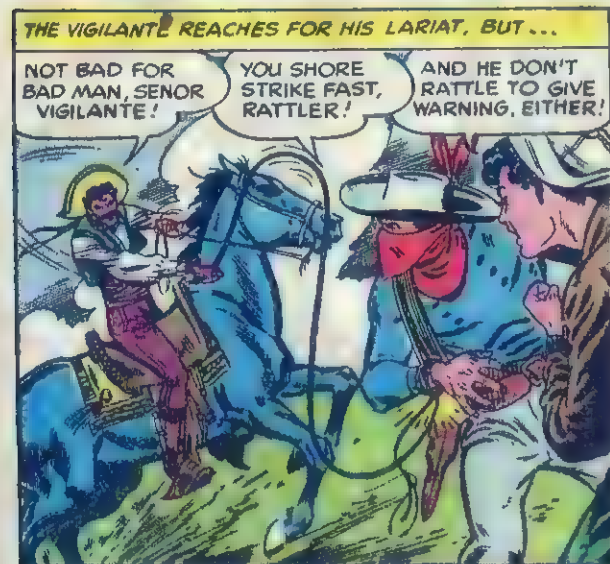
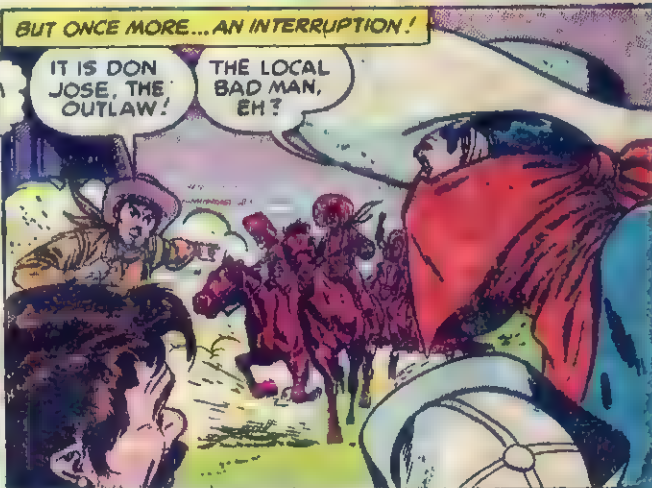
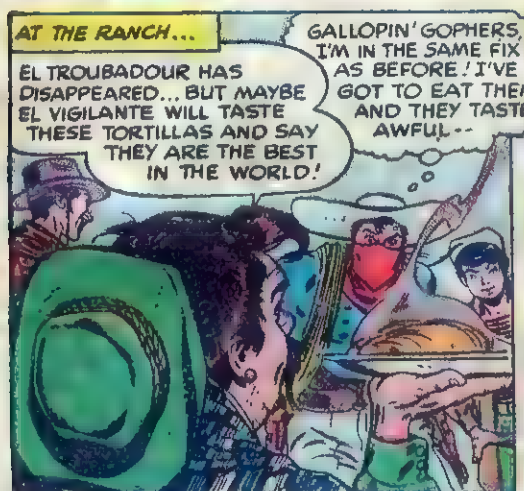
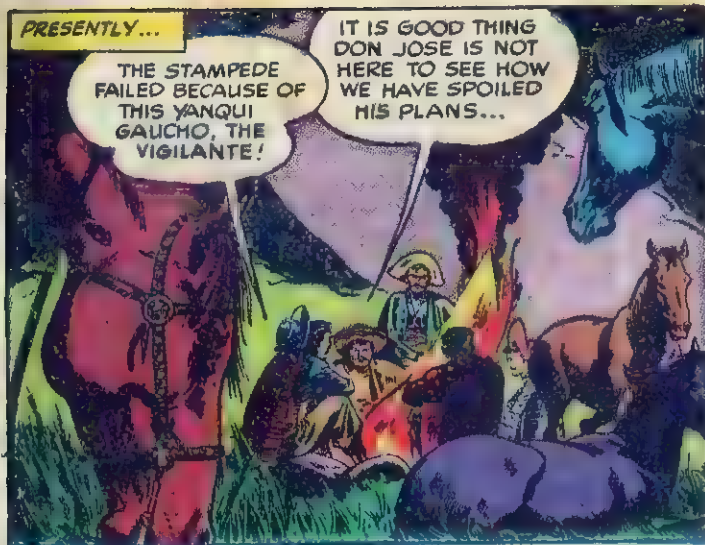
CRACK!

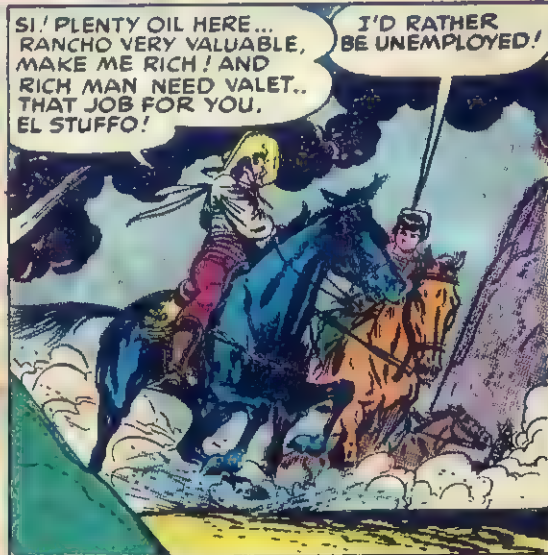
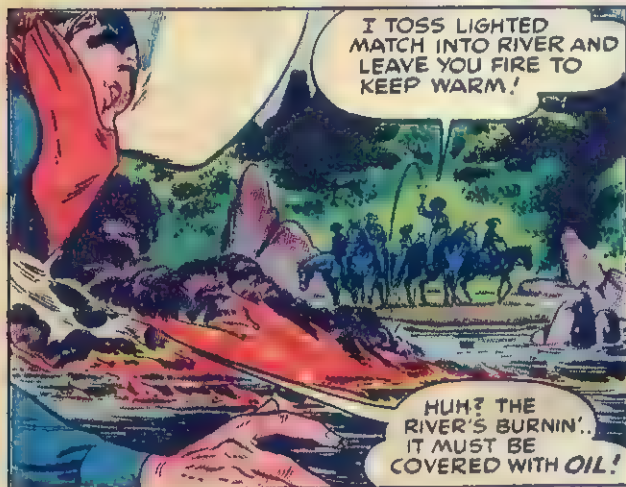
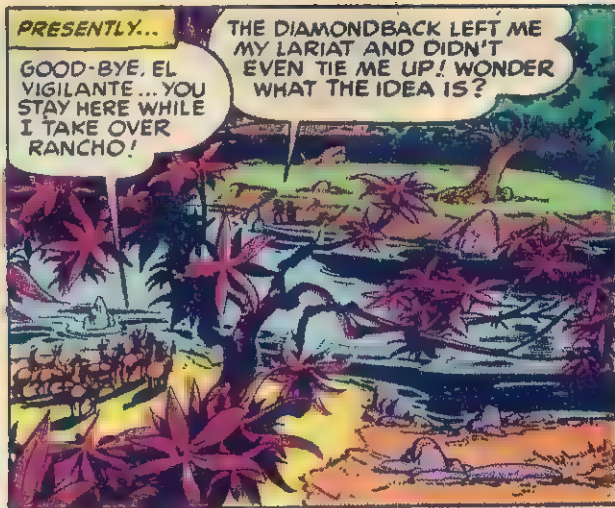
MATCHES



THANK YOU FOR THE KEYS, EL CAPITAN! NOW TO REJOIN MY MEN WHO HAVE NOT BEEN IDLE IN MY ABSENCE!









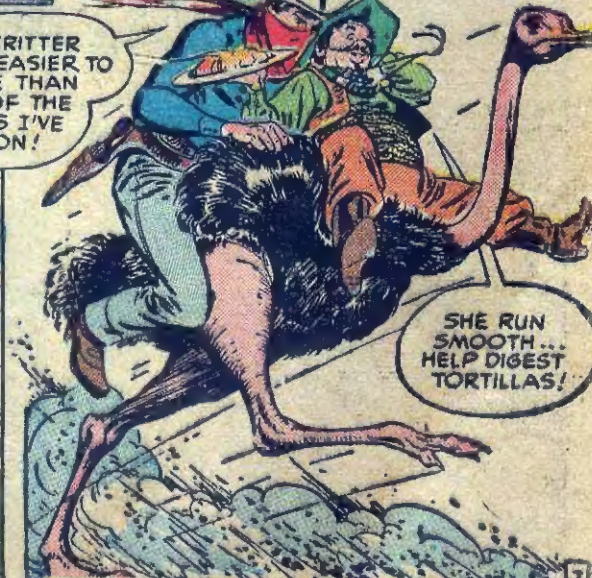
AT THE END OF THE VIGILANTE'S ROPE...



NEVER MIND THE TORTILLAS!



FROM A NEARBY RANCH HOUSE, THE LARRUPING LARIATEER SECURES A SOUTH AMERICAN WEAPON... THE BOLAS ...





LATER, WHEN ALL THE OUTLAWS HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP...



SOMETIME LATER...



YOU PRACTICE Radio soldering, mounting, connecting with soldering equipment and Radio parts I send you.



YOU BUILD this Tester that soon helps you **EARN EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



YOU BUILD special Radio Circuits like this with parts I send. Learn how to locate and repair defective circuits.



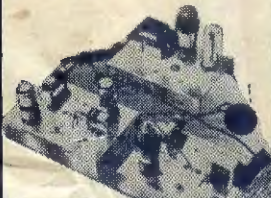
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Power Pack, get experience correcting Power Pack troubles of many kinds.



YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.



YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



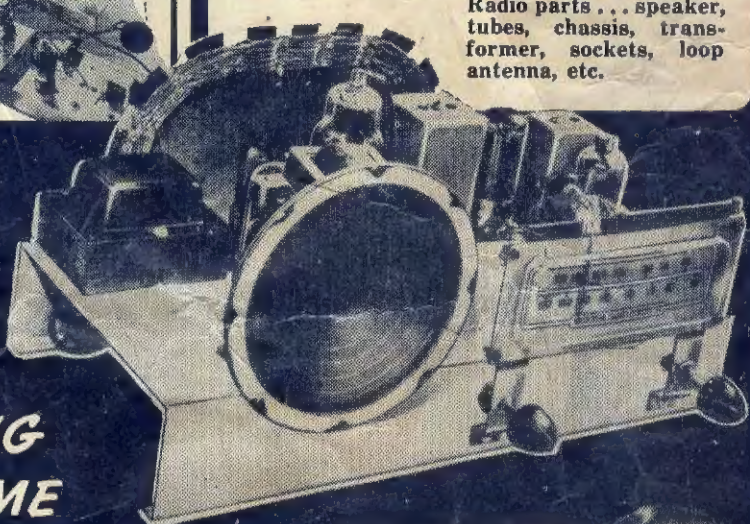
You Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE With This Superheterodyne Receiver

You build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc.

LEARN RADIO

BY PRACTICING
IN SPARE TIME

WITH BIG KITS OF PARTS I SEND YOU



Want a good-pay job in the fast-growing RADIO-TELEVISION Industry? Want a money-making Radio-Television shop of your own? Here's your opportunity. I've trained hundreds of men to be Radio Technicians... **MEN WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE.** My tested and proved train-at-home method makes learning easy. You learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You get practical experience building, testing, experimenting with **MANY KITS OF PARTS** I send. All equipment yours to keep.

Make EXTRA MONEY in Spare Time

The day you enroll, I start sending SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to make **EXTRA MONEY** fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. From here it's a short step to your own shop, or a good-

pay Radio-Television servicing job. Or get into Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing or Public Address work. And think of opportunities in the booming Television Industry.

See What N. R. I. Can Do For You

Act now! Send for my **DOUBLE FREE OFFER.** Coupon entitles you to actual lesson, "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RECEIVED SERVICING," absolutely free. Over 80 pictures and diagrams! You also get my 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO AND TELEVISION-ELECTRONICS." Tells how quickly, easily you can get started. Send coupon in envelope or paste on penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME MY COURSE INCLUDES TELEVISION ELECTRONICS



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Has Own Radio Service

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Good Spare Time Business

"I have been getting receivers to repair right along, and with N. R. I. methods I don't have to spend much time on them." — **S. N. STRICKLAND**, 191 Dale Homes, Portsmouth, Va.

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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9DB9
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me **FREE** Sample Lesson and 64-page book about how to win success in Radio and Television—Electronics. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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complete with
**2 BURGESS
BATTERIES**

**This is
ACTUAL
SIZE**

**BALL
POINT
PEN**

**Newest
Features
Precision-tip**



**Monogram
Initialed
KEY HOLDER**
Pliable Plastic

Flashlight has red
plastic reflector for
use as a warning signal

We GUARANTEE that you can't duplicate this sensational value for less money anywhere in America today!

Here without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "direct-to-you" method of distribution makes such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. Where else today can you get: (1) A beautiful Zipper Billfold with Built-in Pass Case and Change Purse, (2) A new type precision made Ball Point Pen, (3) A handy Plastiflex Key Holder monogrammed with your choice initial, (4) A Pencil-Type Pocket Flashlight complete with batteries 4 big Values in ALL for ONE LOW PRICE of \$1.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay that price for a billfold or a flashlight, either or both, if bought separately at today's prices.

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1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.**

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Give the one INITIAL wanted on Key Holder

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ To save shipping charges I enclose \$1.98 plus 15c tax in advance (total \$2.13). Ship my order, as indicated, all postage charges prepaid.